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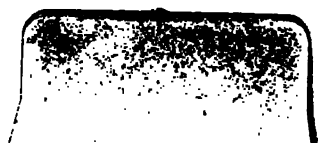
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*THE*  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE.  
*WITH A MEMOIR.*

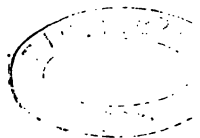
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## PREFACE.

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IN one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion :\* “It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pasquinades set the British public in a roar ; and, though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader,

Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Clandere lustrum,’

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the perishable facts, on which Mr. Moore has so often

\* *The Times*, Jan. 9, 1841.



rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore — if he wishes his political squibs, imbued as they are with a wit and humour quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great grand-children — to preface them with a rapid summary of the events which gave them birth."

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even generously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I can, advert to the writer's friendly suggestion, and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me not to adopt it.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel

quite certain that, *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would insure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish — by far the least worthy source of their success — which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried — and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years — their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects ; — the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question, — assuredly, the entire appositeness, at this very moment, of such versicles as the following, redounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation : —

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
 The Peers of the realm about cheap'ning their corn,  
 When you know if one has n't a very high rental,  
 'Tis hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire — which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been — an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out “the Cynthia of the minute” with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath, — even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honoured them with warm praise;\* and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility

\* In his *Convito* he praises very warmly some persons whom he had before abused. — See Foscolo, *Discorso sul Testo di Dante*.

with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the flight of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles,—

“This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,  
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,”—

without venturing to add that I have now to connect with them one mournful recollection—one loss from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration—which I little thought, when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add, that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine,—the Parody on the Prince Regent’s Letter,—I spoke of a dinner at which I was present, on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much conversation at table, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forbore the pleasure of adding such an ornament to my page, from knowing that Lord

Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent, in 1812-13, of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful *vers de société*; and, among the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such trifles, there is one no less characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Bayle,\* which, on hearing me rejoice one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly ordered for me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship's death, he was employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself as to different readings of some of the lines. In one of the letters which I received from him while thus occupied, I find the following postscript:—

“ 'Tis thus I turn th' Italian's song,  
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong.  
But with rough English to combine  
The sweetness that's in every line,  
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.  
*Sense only* will not quit the score;  
We must have that, and — little *More*.”

\* In sixteen volumes, published at Paris, by Desoer.

He then adds, "I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth :—

" A minister's answer is always so kind!  
I starve, and he tells me he'll keep me in mind.  
*Half* his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore:  
Let him *keep* me — and, faith, I will ask for no more."

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England, — a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dulness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter; but to the charge of treating religious subjects irreverently, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal — "Il y a bien de la différence entre rire de la religion et rire de ceux qui la profanent par leurs opinions extravagantes."



**SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.**





## SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

---

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

*Effare causam nominis,  
Utrumne mores hoc tui  
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc  
Secuta morum regula.*      *AUSONIUS.*

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,  
(By name, and ah! by nature so)  
As thou art fond of persecutions,  
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,  
How Captain Gulliver was treated,  
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down — these little men did —  
And having valiantly ascended  
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,  
They did so strut! — upon my soul,  
It must have been extremely droll  
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins  
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins

And needles in the great man's breeches :  
 And how some *very* little things,  
 That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings  
 Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas ! that it should happen  
 To mighty men to be caught napping ! —  
 Though different, too, these persecutions ;  
 For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,  
 While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,  
 Is taken by the Lilliputians !



#### AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten ? those amorous pranks  
 You and I, in our youth, my dear Government,  
 play'd ;  
 When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,  
 And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made !

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,  
 To do all that a dashing young couple should do,  
 A law against *paying* was laid upon me,  
 But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd? — that "hour (as Othello  
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction*?"\*  
And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,  
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be;  
This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing; †  
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee  
There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and  
cooing.

Propagation in reason — a small child or two —  
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to;  
The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few —  
But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no  
end to!

So — hard though it be on a pair, who've already  
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;  
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy, ‡  
So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense —

\* ——— "An hour  
Of love, of worldly matter and direction."

† It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resump-  
tion of payment in specie: —

———"finem, *specie* cæleste *resumptâ*,  
Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi."

*Met.* l. 15. v. 743.

‡ Honourable Frederick Robinson.

The day is at hand, my Papyria \* Venus,  
 When — high as we once us'd to carry our ca-  
 pers —  
 Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,  
 Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers :

And when — if we *still* must continue our love,  
 (After all that has pass'd) — our amour, it is clear,  
 Like that which Miss Danæ manag'd with Jove,  
 Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear !

February, 1826.



DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A  
 ONE POUND NOTE.

“ O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet aeres  
 Agna lupos, capresque leones.” HOR.

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,  
 In the pocket of my coat,  
 Where they met in a neat purse of leather,  
 “ How happens it, I prithee,  
 “ That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,  
 “ Fair Pound, we can never live together ?

“ Like your sex, fond of *change*,  
 “ With Silver you can range,

\* So called, to distinguish her from the “ Aurea ” or *Golden Venus*.

“ And of lots of young sixpences be mother ;  
 “ While with *me* — upon my word,  
 “ Not my Lady and my Lord  
 “ Of Westmeath see so little of each other !”

The indignant Note replied  
 (Lying crumpled by his side),  
 “ Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir —  
 “ One cannot look askance,  
 “ But, whip ! you’re off to France,  
 “ Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

“ Your scampering began  
 “ From the moment Parson Van,  
 “ Poor man, made us *one* in Love’s fetter ;  
 “ ‘ For better or for worse ’  
 “ Is the usual marriage curse,  
 “ But ours is all ‘ worse ’ and no ‘ better.’

“ In vain are laws pass’d,  
 “ There’s nothing holds you fast,  
 “ Tho’ you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you —  
 “ At the smallest hint in life,  
 “ You forsake your lawful wife,  
 “ As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

“ I flirt with Silver, true —  
 “ But what can ladies do,  
 “ When disown’d by their natural protectors ?

"And as to falsehood, stuff!  
 "I shall soon be *false* enough,  
 "When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,  
 Now swore, upon his honour,  
 To be henceforth domestic and loyal;  
 But, within an hour or two,  
 Why — I sold him to a Jew,  
 And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.



#### AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?" VIRGIL.

1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all  
 The Peers of the realm about cheapening their  
 corn,\*

When you know, if one has n't a very high rental,  
 'Tis hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,  
 On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor  
 in?

\* See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1, 1826,  
 when Lord King was severely reprov'd by several of the noble  
 Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.



A question — like asking one, "How is your wife?" —

At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;  
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,  
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)  
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you  
know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and dis-  
trest

Were their high noble hearts by your merciless  
tale,

When the force of the agony wrung ev'n a jest  
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord Lauder-  
dale! \*

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire  
gave

A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,  
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,  
You may always conclude that Lord Lauderdale's  
joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth —  
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms

\* This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoemakers, he thought it must be against the 'corns' which they inflicted on the fair sex."



Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,  
 'Twixt those who have *heir-looms*, and those  
 who've but looms!

"To talk *now* of starving!" — as great Athol  
 said — \*

(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all  
 wonder'd,)

"When, some years ago, he and others had fed  
 "Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hun-  
 dred!"

It follows from hence — and the Duke's very words  
 Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this  
 craft are —

That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,  
 Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians  
 Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each  
*row* ;

But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,  
 "No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen  
 now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,  
 As I shall my poetry — *neither* convinces ;

\* The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of Perth had supported 1,500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

And all we have spoken and written but shows,  
 When you tread on a nobleman's *corn*,\* how he  
 winces.



THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

"Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund — these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself? — *The Times*.

TAKE your bell, take your bell,  
 Good Crier, and tell  
 To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,  
 That, lost or stolen,  
 Or fall'n through a hole in  
 The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't,  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And Robinson's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what  
 Would soon be its lot,  
 When Frederick and Jenky set hob-nobbing,†

\* An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

† In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.

And said to each other,  
 "Suppose, dear brother,  
 "We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!  
 To a very pretty pass —  
 Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,  
 With but Five in the till,  
 To discharge the bill,  
 And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!

Stop thief! stop thief! —  
 From the Sub to the Chief,  
 These *Gemmen* of Finance are plundering cattle —  
 Call the watch — call Brougham,  
 Tell Joseph Hume,  
 That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

Whoever will bring  
 This aforesaid thing  
 To the well-known House of Bobinson and Jenkin,  
 Shall be paid, with thanks,  
 In the notes of the banks,  
 Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!  
 Can any body guess  
 What the dev'l has become of this Treasury wonder?  
 It has Pitt's name on't,  
 All brass, in the front,  
 And Robinson's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR THOMAS LETHBRIDGE.

"*Legiferæ Cerei Phœboque.*" VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,  
 (Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)  
 Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show  
 Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's  
 Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,  
 An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,  
 Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing does n't bore  
 thee),  
 Thou'lt read o'er the last of his — *never-last*  
 speeches.

Ah ! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn  
 Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so  
 boasted ;  
 Improving on Hunt,\* 'tis no longer the Corn,  
 'Tis the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas ! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us —  
 Reviewers, economists — fellows, no doubt,

\* A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roasted corn,  
 was about this time introduced by Mr. Hunt, as a substitute for  
 coffee.

That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,  
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's Bentham, whose English is all his own  
making, —

Who thinks just as little of settling a nation  
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking  
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibra-  
tion." \*

There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those that love  
reading

Through all that's unreadable, call very clever; —  
And, whereas Mill Senior makes war on *good*  
breeding,

Mill Junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever !

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided  
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages ; —  
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided  
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few  
pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,  
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,  
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd de-  
traction

To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

\* The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

On the contrary, such the "*chaste* notions" \* of food  
 That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,  
 They would scorn any law be it ever so good,  
 That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear  
 than thou art !

And, oh ! for Monopoly what a blest day,  
 When the Land and the Silk † shall, in fond combination,  
 (Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play, ‡)  
 Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and  
 Starvation !

Long life to the Minister ! — no matter who,  
 Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he  
 Keeps the ports shut — and the people's mouths,  
 too —

We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn  
 To hate the whole crew who would take our rents  
 from us,  
 Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,  
 That last, honest Uni-Corn § would be Sir Thomas !

\* A phrase in one of Sir Thomas's last speeches.

† Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.

‡ "Road to Ruin."

§ This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing "*chaste*."

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"*Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.*"

AND now — cross-buns and pancakes o'er —  
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more !  
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain !  
The short eclipse of April-day  
Having (God grant it !) pass'd away,  
Collective wisdom, shine again !

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin, —  
With Paddy Holmes for whipper-in, —  
Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back it ;  
Come, voters of Supplies — bestowers  
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,  
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket ! \*

Come — free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares —  
Ye Senators of many Shares,  
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary ;  
So fond of aught like *Company*,  
That you would even have taken *tea*  
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.†

\* An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of:—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be "*bene vestiti*."

† The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint-Stock Tea Company* all to himself, singing "*Te solo adoro*."

Come, matchless country-gentlemen ;  
 Come, wise Sir Thomas — wisest then,  
 When creeds and corn-laws are debated ;  
 Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,  
 And show how wholly into *bread*  
 A 'Squire is *transubstantiated*.

Come, Lauderdale, and tell the world,  
 That — surely as thy scratch is curl'd,  
 As never scratch was curl'd before —  
 Cheap eating does more harm than good,  
 And working-people, spoil'd by food,  
 The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, Goulbourn, with thy glib defence  
 (Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)  
 Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter ;  
 Two pipes of port (*old* port, 't was said  
 By honest *Newport* \*) bought and paid  
 By Papists for the Orange Altar ! †

Come, Horton, with thy plan, so merry,  
 For peopling Canada from Kerry —  
 Not so much rendering Ireland quiet

\* Sir John Newport.

† This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine  
 is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their  
 Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

“ The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine.”



As grafting on the dull Canadians  
That liveliest of earth's contagions,  
The *bull-pock* of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men  
Of wit and wisdom, come again;  
Though short your absence, all deplore it —  
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,  
That you can, *after* April-Day,  
Be just as — sapient as *before* it.



## MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

THE Budget — quite charming and witty — no hear-  
ing.

For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were  
in it; —

Great comfort to find, though the Speech is n't  
*cheering*,

That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity! — mercy upon us,

“This boy'll be the death of me” — oft as, already,  
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,  
For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,  
 Lest — calling to life the old Peachums and  
 Lockitts —  
 The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,  
 Should all find its way into highwaymen's pock-  
 ets!!\*

\* \* \* \* \*

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing — for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art  
 To the seven-o'clock joys of full many a table —  
 When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that  
 part,  
 With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that — as church-war-  
 dens, yearly,  
 Eat up a small baby — those cormorant sinners,  
 The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly  
 A mod'rate-siz'd bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their  
 dinners!†

*Nota bene* — a rumour to-day, in the City,  
 “Mr. Robinson just has resign'd” — what a pity!

\* “Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies.” — *Debate in the Lords*.

† Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,  
 When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*;  
 While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,  
 A murmuring *Stock-dove* breath'd her ditty: —

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long  
 And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;  
 But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold-finch's* song  
 Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.  
 Who'll make his shroud?

“I,” said the Bank, “though he play'd me a prank,  
 “While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't,  
 “With many a pound I'll paper him round,  
 “Like a plump rouleau — *without* the gold in't.”

\* \* \* \* \*



### ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

“The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself  
 into a Family Account.” — *Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune — *My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,  
 So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;  
 I've torn up my old money-bags,  
 Having little or nought to put in 'em.

My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,  
 But this is all nothing, they say ;  
 For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins, —  
 So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,  
 As sages the matter explain ; —  
 Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy  
 Just owes it to Bob back again.  
 Since all have thus taken to *owing*,  
 There's nobody left that can *pay* ;  
 And this is the way to keep going, —  
 All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,  
 To put in Prosperity's budget ;  
 And though it were billions or trillions,  
 The generous rogues would n't grudge it.  
 'Tis all but a family *hop*,  
 'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay ;  
 Hands round ! — why the deuce should we stop ?  
 'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
 As any great man of the State does ;  
 And now the poor devils are put on  
 Small rations of tea and potatoes.  
 But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,  
 The King is your father, they say ;

So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,  
 'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
 My poor ones have nothing to chew ;  
 And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,  
 Their stomachs undoubtedly do.  
 But coolly to fast *en famille*,  
 Is as good for the soul as to pray ;  
 And famine itself is genteel,  
 When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
 A secret for next Budget day ;  
 Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
 As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.  
 When next for the Treasury scene he  
 Announces "the Devil to pay,"  
 Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,  
 "'Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest*, should give way to the other." — *Extract from Mr. W. J. Bankes's Letter to Mr. Goulbourn.*

BANKES is weak, and Goulbourn too,  
 No one e'er the fact denied ; —  
 Which is "*weakest*" of the two,  
 Cambridge can alone decide.  
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Goulbourn of the Pope afraid is,  
 Bankes, as much afraid as he ;  
 Never yet did two old ladies  
 On this point so well agree.  
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,  
 Each the same conclusion reaches ;  
 Bankes is foolish in Reviews,  
 Goulbourn, foolish in his speeches.  
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,  
 When his own affairs have gone ill ;

Bankes he damneth Buckingham,  
 Goulbourn damneth Dan O'Connell.  
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh  
 Fix'd the' election to a throne.  
 So, whichever first shall *bray*,  
 Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.  
 Choose him, choose him by his bray,  
 Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

June, 1826.



MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject. — Yours, etc.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up!—just as Eldon's withdrawing,

To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
 Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,  
 To serve for *our* times quite as well as the  
 Peer;—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
 Of our Ancestors, such as 't is found on our shelves,

But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves !

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home —  
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way ;  
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him  
come,  
And our Tories will hail him with " Hear ! " and  
" Hurra ! "

What a God-send to *them* ! — a good, obsolete man,  
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a  
reader ; —

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,  
And the Lonsdales and Hertfords shall choose  
him for leader.

Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen ;  
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,  
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,  
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eldon will weep o'er each sad innovation  
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he  
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,  
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.



COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPTOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY  
EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch  
An official young Demon, preparing to go,  
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch  
From the Hell here, at Crockford's, to *our* Hell,  
below —

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,  
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,  
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"  
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy  
soul,

When ev'ry good Christian tormented his brother,  
And caus'd, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,  
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each  
other ;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part  
With the Old Penal Code — that *chef-d'œuvre* of  
Law,

In which (though to own it too modest thou art)  
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy  
claw ;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,  
 (Though Eldon, with help from your Highness  
 would try,)

'T would still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,  
 Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,  
 So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,  
 That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,  
 To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the' original notes  
 Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,  
 With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats  
 Of myself and some others, who sing it "with  
 fire," \*

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could com-  
 mand

"Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte*  
 crew, [band,

"What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our  
 "That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your  
 Highness,

I'm forc'd to confess—be the cause what it will,  
 Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shy-  
 ness,—

Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

\* *Con fuoco*—a music-book direction.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,  
 The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;  
 And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee  
 At the *York* music-meeting, now think it pre-  
 carious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been  
 warmer, —

Though one or two capital roarsers we've had;  
 Doctor Wise \* is, for instance, a charming performer,  
 And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty; —  
 Even Eldon allows we got on but so so;  
 And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,  
 We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from*  
*below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his  
 whip —

Excuse me, Great Sir — there's no time to be  
 civil; —

The next opportunity shan't be let slip,

But, till then,

I'm, in haste, your most dutiful

DEVIL.

*July, 1826.*

\* This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR.  
IRVING "ON PROPHECY."

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand! — I'm delighted to hear  
it —

As matters, both public and private, now go,  
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,  
A good, rich Millennium will come *à-propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,  
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,  
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,  
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the  
flags —

A City, where wine and cheap corn\* shall abound —  
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves  
We may swear the best things of this world will be  
found,  
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-  
selves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,†  
Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach

\* "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of  
barley for a penny." — *Rev. vi.*

† See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he de-

Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we  
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like  
thee,  
And so often postpon'd, we began to despair.

There was Whiston,\* who learnedly took Prince  
Eugene  
For the man who must bring the Millennium  
about;  
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been  
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M.P.,  
Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclat*,  
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh! †

scribes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels  
hovering round "each happy fair."

\* When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in  
which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks  
with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied that "he  
was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to  
St. John."

† Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all  
other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he  
chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the  
name Armageddon mentioned in Revelation.

There was also — but why should I burden my lay  
 With your Brotheresses, Southcotes, and names less  
 deserving, [way  
 When all past Millenniums henceforth must give  
 To the last new Millennium of Orator Irving.

Go on, mighty man, — doom them all to the shelf, —  
 And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy  
 scone,  
 Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself  
 Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways  
 at once.

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### THE THREE DOCTORS.

*Doctoribus letamur tribus.*

1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,  
 There are three that all Doctors out-top,  
 Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,  
 Doctor Southey, and dear Doctor Slop.\*

The purger — the proser — the bard —  
 All quacks in a different style;  
 Doctor Southey writes books by the yard,  
 Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile! †

\* The editor of the *Morning Herald*, so nick-named.

† Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on  
 all the walls round the metropolis.

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone  
 By his scribbling or physicking brother,  
 Can dose us with stuff like the one,  
 Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps  
 With "No Popery" scribes, on the walls;  
 Doctor Southey as gloriously sleeps  
 With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,  
 Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,  
 That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,  
 He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,  
 Doctor Southey attacks, like a 'Turk;\*  
 Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,  
 Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.†

Doctor Southey, for *his* grand attack,  
 Both a laureate and pensioner is;

\* This seraphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics: "They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

† See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his "maid-of-all-work."

While poor Doctor Eady, alack,  
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,  
That, though little blood has been spilt, he  
May probably suffer as, under  
The *Chalking Act*, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime  
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)  
Of the three greatest lights of our time,  
Doctor Eady, and Southey, and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three  
Great Doctors the preference should fall,  
As a matter of course, I agree  
Doctor Eady must go to *the wall*.

But as Southey with laurels is crown'd,  
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,  
Let Eady's bright temples be bound  
With a swingeing "*Corona Muralis!*" \*

\* A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*, such as scaling them, battering them, etc. — No doubt, writing upon them to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.



## EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,  
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,  
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd  
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,  
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,  
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,  
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,  
He took, of course, to peers' relations;  
And, rather than not sport a Lord,  
Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could he but tag 'em  
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to  
call;  
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum  
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,  
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be  
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,  
Than sav'd in vulgar company.

## ODE TO A HAT.

——— "altum"  
*Edificat caput.*                      JUVENAL.

1826.

HAIL, reverend Hat! — sublime 'mid all  
 The minor felts that round thee grovel; —  
 Thou that the Gods "a Delta" call,  
 While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,  
 Cut horizontally in two) \*  
 I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,  
 Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good —  
 Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down,  
 But looking (as all churchmen's should)  
 Devoutly upward — tow'rd's the *crown*.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,  
 So redolent of Church all over,  
 What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim, —  
 Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,  
 With ducklings' wings — around it hover!

\* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church: "A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid." — GRANT'S *History of the English Church*.

Tenths of all dead and living things,  
That Nature into being brings,  
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,  
The very cock most orthodox,  
To *which*, of all the well-fed throng  
Of Zion,\* joy'st thou to belong?  
Thou'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lees's — no —  
For hats, grow like the heads that wear 'em;  
And hats, on heads like his, would grow  
Particularly *harum-scarum*.

Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate  
Of that fam'd Doctor Ad—mth—te,  
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand  
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)  
Who chang'd so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,  
And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,  
And back again, convenient fellow,  
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,  
Thou art the hat of Doctor Owen;  
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,  
That venerable priest doth go in, —  
And, then and there, amid the stare  
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,

\* Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."

And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,  
 The' example of his reverend brothers,  
 To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,  
 And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)  
 Thus low I take off mine to thee,  
 The homage of a layman's *castor*,  
 To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.  
 Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,  
 Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter,  
 Till, bowing all the way, thou leadest  
 Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!



#### NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,  
 When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,  
 But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends  
 As you chance to pick up from political friends —  
 Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down  
 To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things could n't  
 look better —  
 His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)

Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter  
 To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Mas-  
 ter ;

Engaging to change the old name, if he can,  
 From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St.  
 Dan ; —

Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)  
 Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar —  
 Most gen'rous and kind, as all sovereigns are,  
 And whose first princely act (as you know, I sup-  
 pose,)

Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes —\*  
 Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,

The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of be-  
 stowing

One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)

On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.  
 (While I write, an arrival from Riga — the ' Bro-  
 thers' —

Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eldon and  
 others.)

Last advices from India — Sir Archy, 'tis thought,  
 Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught  
 In N. Lat. 21) — and his Highness Burmese,  
 Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,

\* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's mili-  
 tary wardrobe by his successor.

And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant  
To pawn his august Golden Foot\* for the payment.  
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they  
choose,

Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)  
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"  
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot*;  
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.  
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a  
toe,

And engages (lest Gold-Foot should give us *leg*-bail,  
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail*.

This is all for the present — what vile pens and  
paper!

Yours truly, dear Cousin — best love to Miss Draper.

September, 1826.



## A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"UP!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away  
To a Limbo, lying — I wist not where —  
Above or below, in earth or air;  
For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful* light,  
One could n't say whether 'twas day or night;

\* This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,  
 One didn't know how to get on or back ;  
 And I felt like a needle that's going astray  
 (With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay ;  
 When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,  
 "Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery !"

Around me fitt'd unnumber'd swarms  
 Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;  
 (Like bottled up babes, that grace the room  
 Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home) —  
 All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing ;  
 Some were lame — some wanted *hearing* ;  
 Some had through half a century run,  
 Though they had n't a leg to stand upon.  
 Others, more merry, as just beginning,  
 Around on a *point of law* were spinning ;  
 Or balanc'd aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,  
 Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.  
 Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please  
       'em ; —

Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em ; —  
 All were in motion, yet never a one,  
 Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.  
 "These," said the Spirit, you plainly see,  
 "Are what they call suits in Chancery !"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
 Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung ;  
 Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")  
 At an amateur concert scream'd in score ; —

So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell !  
It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see ;  
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,  
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
" Give us our legs ! — give us our legs ! "  
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
" 'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery ! "

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,\*  
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.  
In his aged hand he held a wand,  
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,  
And they mov'd and mov'd, as he wav'd it o'er,  
But they never got on one inch the more.  
And still they kept limping to and fro,  
Like Ariels round old Prospero —  
Saying, " Dear Master, let us go,"  
But still old Prospero answer'd " No."  
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf  
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,  
While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,  
As Hume e'er mov'd for, or Omar burn'd.  
He talk'd of his virtue — " though some, less nice,  
(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice* " —

\* The Lord Chancellor Eldon.



And he said, "I think" — "I doubt" — "I hope,"  
 Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;  
 With many more sleights of tongue and hand  
 I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.  
 Amaz'd and pos'd, I was just about  
 To ask his name, when the screams without,  
 The merciless clack of the imps within,  
 And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,  
 That, startled, I woke — leap'd up in my bed —  
 Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,  
 And bless'd my stars, right pleas'd to see,  
 That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.



THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF  
 IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble Petition  
 Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing —  
 That sad, very sad, is our present condition ; —  
 Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going ; —

That, forming one seventh, within a few fractions,  
 Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
 We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
 To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts ; —

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,  
 We humbly suggest there is nothing less true ;

As all human laws (and our own, more than any)  
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few ; —

That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,  
To see you,\* in England, such ardour evince,  
In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,  
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years  
since ; —

That we love to behold, while old England grows  
faint,

Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,  
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,  
Ever truly and really pull'd the Dev'l's nose ;

Whether 'tother Saint, Dominic, burnt the Dev'l's  
paw —

Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mo-  
ther —\* [draw  
And many such points, from which Southey can  
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation  
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,  
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,  
One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con* ; †

\* To such important discussions as these the greater part of  
Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

† Consubstantiation — the true reformed belief ; at least, the  
belief of Luther, and as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right  
 Of the said monosyllable, ravag'd the lands,  
 And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and  
 night,  
 Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for  
*Trans*;—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,  
 For keeping us still in the same state of mind ;  
 Pretty much as the world us'd to be in those ages,  
 When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind ;—

When the words *ex* and *per*\* serv'd as well, to annoy  
 One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans*  
 now ;  
 And Christians, like Southey, who stickled for *oi*,  
 Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for  
*ou*.†

That, relying on England, whose kindness already  
 So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,  
 We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,  
 And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

\* When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

† The Arian controversy. — Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."

That, as to the expense — the few millions, or so,  
 Which for all such diversions John Bull has to  
 pay —  
 'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,  
 That to Orangemen's pockets 't will all find its way.  
 For which your petitioners ever will pray,  
 etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.



# COTTON AND CORN.

## A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,  
 As they met and exchange'd a salute —  
 (Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,  
 Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot) :

“ Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil  
 “ To hint at starvation before you,  
 “ Look down on a poor hungry devil,  
 “ And give him some bread, I implore you ! ”

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,  
 Perceiving he meant to make *free* —  
 “ Low fellow, you've surely forgotten  
 “ The distance between you and me !

“ To expect that we, Peers of high birth,  
 “ Should waste our illustrious acres,

"For no other purpose on earth  
 "Than to fatten curst calico-makers! —

"That Bishops to bobbins should bend —  
 "Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,  
 "Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend  
 "Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No — vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour  
 "A hope to be fed at our boards; —  
 "Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,  
 "What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

"No — thanks to the taxes and debt,  
 "And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,  
 "Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,  
 "May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys*!"

So saying — whip, crack, and away  
 Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,  
 So headlong, I heard them all say,  
 "Squire Corn would be *down*, before long."

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT  
BUTTERWORTH.

"A Christian of the best edition."

RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him! — yea, verily, we'll canonize him;  
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,  
Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,  
He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread  
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,  
Descend on our Butterworth's biblical head,  
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,  
And bring little Shiloh — if 'tis n't too far —  
Such a sight will to Butterworth's bosom be dear,  
*His* conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold  
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many;  
Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,  
Who also by tricks and the *Seals* \* makes a penny.

\* A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the *Seals* of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee! \*

Thy smiles to beatified Butterworth deign;  
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and  
he,

One hallowing Fleet Street, and *t'other* Toad  
Lane! †

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of  
wood,

And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials; —  
Old women and Butterworths make just as good  
As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's pig-  
eon,

When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there,  
they say,  
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion  
Such glory as Butterworth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams  
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack  
again,

\* Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and  
"Mother of all the children of regeneration."

† Toad Lane, Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In  
her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter  
of no importance with them from whence the means of their de-  
liverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from  
Toad Lane, Manchester."

Bolus on bolus, good man! — and then damns  
Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast  
them back again.

How well might his shop — as a type representing  
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan —  
On its counter exhibit “the Art of Tormenting,”  
Bound neatly, and letter’d “Whole Duty of Man!”

Canonize him! — by Judas, we *will* canonize him;  
For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss;  
And, though wise men may pity and wits may de-  
spise him,  
He’ll make but the better *shop*-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,  
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;  
Bring Shakers and Snufflers, and Jumpers and  
Ranters,  
To witness their Butterworth’s Canonization!

Yea, humbly I’ve ventur’d his merits to paint,  
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;  
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,  
That the Devil’s own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,  
While Butterworth’s spirit, uprais’d from your eyes,  
Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory shall soar,  
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!



## AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

*Air. — Come with me, and we will go  
Where the rocks of coral grove.*

COME with me, and we will blow  
Lots of bubbles, as we go ;  
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope  
Drew from fancy — or from soap ;  
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent  
From its frothy element !  
Come with me, and we will blow  
Lots of bubbles, as we go.  
Mix the lather, Johnny Wilks,  
Thou, who rhym'st so well to hilks ; \*  
Mix the lather — who can be  
Fitter for such task than thee,  
Great M. P. for *Sudsbury* !  
Now the frothy charm is ripe,  
Puffing Peter, † bring thy pipe, —  
Thou, whom ancient Coventry  
Once so dearly lov'd, that she  
Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter ; —

\* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

“ Sir Edward Sutton,

The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton.”

† The Member, during a long period, for Coventry.

Puff the bubbles high in air,  
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter Moore!  
Now the rainbow humbugs \* soar,  
Glittering all with golden hues,  
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—  
Some, reflecting mines that lie  
Under Chili's glowing sky,  
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
Cloister'd in the southern deep;  
Others, as if lent a ray  
From the streaming Milky Way,  
Glistening o'er with curds and whey  
From the cows of Alderney.  
Now's the moment — who shall first  
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?  
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,  
Brogden, Teynham, Palmerston;—  
John Wilks junior runs beside ye!  
Take the good the knaves provide ye!†  
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,  
Where the *Shareman*,‡ Brogden, stands,

\* An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him — "thou rainbow ruffian!"

† "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:  
Take the good the Gods provide thee."

‡ So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word "Chairman."

Gaping for the froth to fall  
Down his gullet — *lye* and all.  
See! —

But, hark, my time is out —  
Now, like some great water-spout,  
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

*[Here the stage darkens — a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra — the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters — all in the luds.]*



#### A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

"T WAS evening time, in the twilight sweet  
I sail'd along, when — whom should I meet  
But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,  
"On the service of his Majesty." \*

When spying him first through twilight dim,  
I didn't know what to make of him;

\* We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as "on his majesty's service."

— dapibus supremi  
Grata testudo Jovis.

But said to myself, as slow he plied  
His fins, and roll'd from side to side  
Conceitedly o'er the watery path —  
" 'Tis my Lord of Stowell taking a bath,  
" And I hear him now, among the fishes,  
" Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius !"  
But, no — 't was, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
And plump as ever these eyes descried ;  
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet  
Glu'd up the lips of a Baronet !  
And much did it grieve my soul to see  
That an animal of such dignity,  
Like an absentee abroad should roam,  
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at home.

But now " a change came o'er my dream,"  
Like the magic lantern's shifting slider ; —  
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,  
On the back of that Turtle sat a rider —  
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,  
I knew 't was our Foreign Secretary, \*  
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,  
Like Waterton on his crocodile ; †  
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,  
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,  
And own they gave him a lively notion  
Of what his *forc'd*-meat balls would be.

\* Mr. Canning.

† *Wanderings in South America*. " It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a Crocodile's back."

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,  
 Over that briny element,  
 Waving his hand, as he took farewell,  
 With graceful air, and bidding me tell  
 Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he  
 Were gone on a foreign embassy —  
 To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,  
 Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,  
 And to let admiring Europe see,  
 That *calipash* and *calipee*  
 Are the English forms of Diplomacy.



### THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

#### A FABLE.

————— “*fessus jam sudat asellus,*  
*“Parce illi; vestrum delictum est asinus.”*

VIRGIL. *Copa.*

A DONKEY, whose talent for burdens was wond'rous,  
 So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,  
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,  
 That — down the poor Donkey fell smack on the  
 road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze —  
 What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,  
 So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,  
 For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a  
"brother"\*)

Had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown  
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other —

When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey came down !

But, how to upraise him? — *one* shouts, *t'other*  
whistles,

While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,  
Declared that an "over-production of thistles — †  
(Here Ned gave a stare) — was the cause of his  
fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes —

"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease ;

"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,

"And this is his mode of '*transition to peace*.'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,

Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had  
gone —

"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal*  
*basis*

(The wise-acres said), "and he's sure to jog on."

\* Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

† A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?" — "Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,  
 Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;  
 And — what was still dolefuller — lending an ear  
 To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far  
 As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd —  
 "Quick — off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,  
 "Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his  
 last!"

October, 1826.



#### ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!  
 And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,  
 In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians  
 Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster —  
 A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;  
 Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new *Westminster*,"  
 And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon  
 Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,  
 How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility; —  
 And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,  
 In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new

ART. 1. On the *Needle's* variations," by  
Pl—e; \*

ART. 2. — By her fav'rite Fun-blank † — "so amus-  
ing!

"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a *Law* case."

ART. 3. — "Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own —  
(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers);—

ART. 4. — "Upon Honesty," author unknown;—

ART. 5. — (by the young Mr. Mill) "Hints to  
Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag

And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—  
Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking  
hag,

I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head

From the watery bottom, her clack to renew —

As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,

I would hang round her neck her own darling  
Review.

\* A celebrated political tailor.

† This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of  
counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of meta-  
phors in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and has found them to  
amount, as nearly as possible, to 2,235 — and some *fractions*.



## CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum  
 Dirius borum?   *Incerti Auctoris.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,  
 That with our meals, our slumbers mix —  
 That spoil our tempers and digestions —  
 Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?  
 Nothing else talk'd of night or morn —  
 Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,  
 But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests —  
 While Ministers, still worse than either,  
 Skill'd but in feathering their nests,  
 Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet  
 Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,  
 Whether, this year, 't was bonded Wheat,  
 Or bonded Papists, they let out.

*Here*, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,  
 Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;  
*Prices* and *Texts* at once assail you —  
 From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.\*

\* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.

And when you sleep, with head still torn  
Between the two, their shapes you mix,  
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn —  
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantsic wheat before you floats —  
Now, Jesuits from California —  
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,  
Comes dancing through the "*Porta Cornea*."\*

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,  
And a whole crop of heads appears,  
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State —  
Themselves, together *by the ears*!

In short, these torments never cease;  
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off  
To some far, lonely land of peace,  
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;  
For — if my fate is to be chosen  
'Twixt bores and icebergs — on my soul,  
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

\* The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, etc.) to pass.

A CASE OF LIBEL.

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,  
 ('T were a libel, perhaps, to mention where,)  
 Came up *incog.*, some years ago,  
 To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,  
 And hid his tail and horns so handy,  
 You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,  
 From C——e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t' unscrew;  
 So, he has but to take them out of the socket,  
 And — just as some fine husbands do —  
 Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,  
 And ev'n contriv'd — to his own great wonder —  
 By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,  
 To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,  
 Unknown to all but a chosen few  
 At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,  
 He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,  
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,  
At morn with learned dames would sit —  
So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,  
But, finding Wilks was also one, he  
Swore, in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he  
"Would ever sit in one house with Johnny.

At length, as secrets travel fast,  
And devils, whether he or she,  
Are sure to be found out at last,  
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs  
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers —  
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's —  
Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers :

"We warn good men to keep aloof  
"From a grim old Dandy, seen about,  
"With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof  
"Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, — the Devil being a gentleman,  
Who piques himself on well-bred dealings, —  
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,  
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
 And 't would make you laugh could you have seen  
 'em,  
 As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
 And 't was "hail, good fellow, well met," between  
 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —  
 And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,  
 When, asking about the Bench, he heard  
 That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.\*

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
 That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —  
 Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,  
 And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
 And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)  
 Found for the Plaintiff — on hearing which  
 The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 't was nuts to the Father of Lies  
 (As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)  
 To find it settled by laws so wise,  
 That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

\* A celebrated Judge, so named.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,

No matter which party, so faithful to neither ;  
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,  
Can manage, like \* \* \* \* \*, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics ;  
Your gaol is for Trav'lers a charming retreat ;  
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —  
He can study high life in the King's Bench community ;  
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,  
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age  
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or higher),  
Will meet with encouragement — so much, *per page*,  
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,  
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd ;—

Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,  
 Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,  
 Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic ;  
 Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,\*  
 That gingerbread-cakes always give them the  
 colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,  
 By "Farmers" and "Landholders" — (worthies  
 whose lands  
 Enclos'd all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,  
 Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their  
 hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,  
 Sure of a market ;— should they, too, who pen  
 'em,  
 Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'Sullivan,†  
 Something *extra* allow'd for the' additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,  
 All excellent subjects for turning a penny ; —

\* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her ; always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle*."

† A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.

To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance  
 For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,  
 The material *within* of small consequence is ; —  
 Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,  
 Why — that's the concern of the reader, not his.

*Nota Bene* — an Essay, now printing, to show,  
 That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)  
 Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,  
 When he wrote thus — “Quodecunque *in Fund is*,  
*assess it.*” \*



#### THE IRISH SLAVE.†

1827.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,  
 “He is dead — he is dead,” the rumour flew ;  
 And I rais'd my chain, and turn'd me round,  
 And ask'd, through the dungeon-window, “Who ?”

I saw my livid tormentors pass ;  
 Their grief 't was bliss to hear and see !  
 For, never came joy to them, alas,  
 That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

\* According to the common reading, “quodecunque infundis,  
*acescit.*”

† Written on the death of the Duke of York.



Eager I look'd through the mist of night,  
 And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?  
 "Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,  
 "Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,  
 "Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt  
 "What suitors for justice he'd keep in,  
 "Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out—

"Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,  
 "Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea  
 "Round Sinbad's neck \*), nor leaves a chance  
 "Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,  
 And thrusting me back to my den of woe,  
 With a laughter even more fierce and wild  
 Than their funeral howling, answer'd "No."

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,  
 And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?  
 "Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,  
 "Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

"Whose name is one of the' ill-omen'd words  
 "They link with hate, on his native plains;

\* "You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks."—*Story of Sinbad*.

"And why? — they lent him hearts and swords,  
 "And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains!

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquir'd,  
 When, hark! — there sounded a Royal knell;  
 And I knew what spirit had just expir'd,  
 And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledg'd a hate unto me and mine,  
 He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,  
 But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,  
 And he now was dead, and — I *couldn't* rejoice!

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands  
 Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;  
 He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,  
 And *them* did I curse — but sigh'd for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart;  
 And — oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,  
 Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,  
 And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends  
 For the fatal fault of an erring head —  
 Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,  
 In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,  
 To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,

For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,  
And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,  
I calmly sunk in my chains again ;  
While, still as I said " Heaven rest his soul !"  
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd " Amen !"

*January, 1827.*

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ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,  
Grasp the needle once again ;  
Making petticoats is far  
Safer sport than making war ;  
Trimming is a better thing,  
Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King !  
Grasp the needle bright with which  
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch  
Garment, such as ne'er before  
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.  
Not for her, oh semster nimble !  
Do I now invoke thy thimble ;  
Not for her thy wanted aid is,  
But for certain grave old ladies,  
Who now sit in England's cabinet,  
Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,

Or whatever choice *étouffe* is  
Fit for Dowagers in office.  
First, thy care, oh King, devote  
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.  
Make it of that silk, whose dye  
Shifts for ever to the eye,  
Just as if it hardly knew  
Whether to be pink or blue.  
Or — material fitter yet —  
If thou could'st a remnant get  
Of that stuff, with which, of old,  
Sage Penelope, we're told,  
Still by doing and undoing,  
Kept her *suitors* always wooing —  
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is  
Fittest for Dame Eldon's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,  
Mantua-making Ferdinand,  
For old Goody Westmoreland;  
One who loves, like Mother Cole,  
Church and State with all her soul;  
And has pass'd her life in frolics  
Worthy of your Apostolics.  
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,  
Something that wo'n't show the dirt,  
As, from habit, every minute  
Goody Westmoreland is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,  
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;

Finish Eldon's frills and borders,  
Then return for further orders.  
Oh what progress for our sake,  
Kings in millinery make!  
Ribands, garters, and such things,  
Are supplied by *other* Kings —  
Ferdinand his rank denotes  
By providing petticoats.



HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eldon, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."

— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

"Twixt Eldon's Hat and Eldon's Wig  
There lately rose an altercation, —  
Each with its own importance big,  
Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,  
"Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,  
"My worthy beaver, to compare  
"Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?  
"Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?  
"The Wig, the Wig, my friend — while you  
"Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,  
 "Senate and Court, with like *éclat* —  
 "And wards below, and lords above,  
 "For Law is Wig and Wig is Law! \*

"Who tried the long, *Long* WELLESLEY suit,  
 "Which tried one's patience, in return?  
 "Not thou, oh Hat! — though, *could'st* thou do't,  
 "Of other *brims* † than thine thou'dst learn.

"'Twas mine our master's toil to share;  
 "When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play, ‡  
 "He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'  
 "And merrily to swear went they; — §

"When, loth poor WELLESLEY to condemn, he  
 "With nice discrimination weigh'd,  
 "Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jemmy,'  
 "Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.

"No, no, my worthy beaver, no —  
 "Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,

\* "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below and gods above,  
 For Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love." — SCOTT.

† "*Brim* — a naughty woman." — GROSZ.

‡ "*Ghost* [beneath] — Swear!

"*Hamlet* — Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, True-  
 penny? Come on."

§ His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

"And smart enough, as beavers go,  
 "Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,  
 Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;  
 While thus, full cock'd for declamation,  
 The veteran Hat enrag'd replies:—

"Ha! dost thou then so soon forget  
 "What thou, what England owes to me?  
 "Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,  
 "So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

"Think of that night, that fearful night,  
 "When, through the steaming vault below,  
 "Our master dar'd, in gout's despite,  
 "To venture his podagric toe!

"Who was it then, thou boaster, say,  
 "When thou had'st to thy box sneak'd off,  
 "Beneath his feet protecting lay,  
 "And sav'd him from a mortal cough?

"Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that sun,  
 "How blank this world had been to thee!  
 "Without that head to shine upon,  
 "Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

"You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope  
 "Of Church and state been ravish'd from ye,

"Oh think, how Canning and the Pope  
 "Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tom-  
 my!'

"At sea, there's but a plank, they say,  
 "Twixt seamen and annihilation;  
 "A Hat, that awful moment, lay  
 "Twixt England and Emancipation!

"Oh!!!——"

At this "Oh!!!" *The Times'* Re-  
 porter  
 Was taken poorly, and retir'd;  
 Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,  
 Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks  
 Of eloquence all ended quite;  
 And Wig lay snoring in his box,  
 And Hat was — hung up for the night.



THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,486,768," etc. etc. — RABELAIS.

"HURRA! hurra!" I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,  
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,  
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or *thought* they were — no matter which —  
For, every year, the Revenue \*  
From their Periwinkles larger grew;  
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick  
And legerdemain of arithmetic,  
Knew how to place, 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,  
Such various ways, behind, before,  
That they made a unit seem a score,  
And prov'd themselves most wealthy men!  
So, on they went, a prosperous crew,  
The people wise, the rulers clever —  
And God help those, like me and you,

\* Accented as in Swift's line —

"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."

Who dar'd to doubt (as some now do)  
That the Periwinkle Revenue  
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

“Hurra! hurra!” I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,  
As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt  
What all this conjuring was about;  
For, every day, more deep in debt  
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—  
“Let's look (said they) the items through,  
“And see if what we're told be true  
“Of our Periwinkle Revenue.”  
But, lord! they found there wasn't a tittle  
Of truth in aught they heard before;  
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,  
And lost by Locusts ten times more!  
These Locusts are a lordly breed  
Some Salmagundians love to feed.  
Of all the beasts that ever were born,  
Your Locust most delights in *corn*;  
And, though his body be but small,  
To fatten him takes the dev'l and all!  
“Oh fie! oh fie!” was now the cry,  
As they saw the gaudy show go by.  
And the Laird of Salmagundi went  
To open his Locust Parliament!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'  
He tried on man,  
And then he made the lasses."

1827.

"AND now," quoth the Minister, (eas'd of his panics,  
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)  
"Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,  
"By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

"'Tis pleasant — while nothing but mercantile  
fractures,

"Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our  
ears —

"To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manu-  
factures,

"We still have our fine manufacture of Peers ; —

"Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a  
pride

"In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of ;

"Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,

"But showing, on t'other, what rags they are  
made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought, —  
No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be ;

And first, to begin with, Squire W——, 't was  
thought,  
For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,  
The tasteful Sir Charles,\* so renowned, far and  
near,  
For purchasing pictures, and selling himself—  
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in ;—  
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we  
measure ye ;  
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,  
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treas-  
ury.

But, bless us !— behold a new candidate come —  
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written ;  
He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,  
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great  
Britain !!

“ Forbid it,” cried Jenky, “ ye Viscounts, ye Earls ! —  
“ Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,  
“ If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,  
“ And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb  
supplanted !

\* Created Lord Farnborough.

"No — ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor Holford —  
 "If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,  
 "And young Master Holford as yet is too small for't,  
 "Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

"Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,  
 "Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;  
 "And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,  
 "As o'er Vesey Fitzgerald 'twill shine through  
 his mother." \*

Thus ended the *First* Batch — and Jenky, much tir'd  
 (It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),  
 Took a large dram of ether — the same that inspir'd  
 His speech 'gainst the Papists — and pros'd off to  
 sleep.

\* Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the  
 Peerage are the mother of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, etc.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA \* QUESTION.

BY LORD ELDON.

"*Vos inumbrelles video.*" † — *Ex Juvenil.* GEORGE CANNING.

1827.

MY Lords, I'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is  
The last into which, at my age, I could fall —  
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,  
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
No doubt I shall hear, " 'Tis that cursed old fellow,  
"That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,  
"Who wo'n't let the Lords give the man his um-  
brella!"

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to  
me;  
I am ancient — but were I as old as King Priam,

\* A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

† From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's —

"I say, my good fellows,  
As you 've no umbrellas."

Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,  
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,  
And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,  
That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,  
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,  
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's paraphuie,  
That he may n't, with its stick, come about all your  
ears,  
And then — *where* would your Protestant periwigs  
be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,  
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's  
mellow,  
"For God's sake" — at that awful moment I'd say —  
"For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his um-  
brella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression."]

## A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

*Dublin, March 12, 1827.* — Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country. — *Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,  
A gift that will surely content her ; —  
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing !  
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,  
But ill she her wants understood ; —  
Ball cartridges, morning and night,  
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives  
But we read, in some amiable trials,  
How husbands make love to their wives  
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

*One* thinks, with his mistress or mate  
A good halter is sure to agree —  
That love-knot which, early and late,  
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd  
With a wife that is not over placid,



Consigns the dear charmer to rest,  
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show —  
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!  
And, as poison and hemp are too slow —  
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,  
Ask Roden, that mildest of saints;  
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,  
Alone can remove thy complaints; —

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,  
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant  
But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,  
Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

Even Wellington's self hath averr'd  
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,  
And I lov'd him the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,  
Dear partner, I herewith inclose;  
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,  
From Cromwell to Eldon, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,  
How I wish that, before you set out,

The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know,  
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,  
Into such supernatural wit,  
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,  
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.



#### A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.\*

Regis ex-sul ademitis.

Ving.

1827.

To Swanage — that neat little town, in whose bay  
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers —  
Lord Bags † took his annual trip t' other day,  
To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There — learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws —  
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the  
wag on),  
“Why are chancery suitors like bathers?” — “Be-  
cause  
“Their *suits* are *put off*, till — they have n't a rag  
on.”

\* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, till this season, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.

† The Lord Chancellor Eldon.

Thus on he went chatting — but, lo, while he chats,  
 With a face full of wonder around him he looks;  
 For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,  
 Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

“How is this, Lady Bags? — to this region aquatic  
 “Last year they came swarming, to make me their  
 bow,

“As thick as Burke’s cloud o’er the vales of Carnatic,  
 “Deans, Rectors, D. D.’s — where the dev’l are  
 they now?”

“My dearest ‘Lord Bags!’ saith his dame, “*can*  
 you doubt?

“I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;  
 “But *do n’t* you perceive, dear, the Church have  
 found out

“That you’re one of the people call’d *Ex*’s, at  
 present?”

“Ah, true — you have hit it — I *am*, indeed, one

“Of those ill-fated *Ex*’s (his Lordship replies),

“And, with tears, I confess — God forgive me the  
 pun! —

“We *X*’s have proved ourselves *not* to be *Y*’s.”

## WO! WO!\*

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—  
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way ;  
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,  
Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray !

Oh Farnham, Saint Farnham, how much do we owe  
thee !

How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs !  
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,  
The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would  
smother ! —

On, Luther of Cavan ! On, Saint of Kilgroggy !  
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in 't other,  
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and  
floggee."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way ;  
Come, Lorton, who, scorning profane erudition,  
Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,  
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

\* Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Chester on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

Come, Roden, who doubtest — so mild are thy  
views —

Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;  
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,  
'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?  
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,  
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire,\*  
And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,  
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,  
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,  
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as pota-  
toes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
Had been trying their talent for many a day;  
Till Farnham, when all had been tried, came to  
show,  
Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."

And nothing's more simple than Farnham's re-  
ceipt; —  
"Catch your Catholic, first — soak him well in  
*poteen* — †

\* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

† Whiskey.

"Add *salary* sauce,\* and the thing is complete.

"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!"

Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow †  
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"



#### TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Vishnou*." — *Courier*, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,

When "civil advantages" are to be gain'd,

What god or what goddess may help to obtain you  
'em,

Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

\* "We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring 'What are they giving a head for converts?'" — *Wexford Post*.

† Of the rook species — *Corvus frugilegus*, i. e. a great consumer of corn.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)  
 All the good things to good hypocrites fall;  
 And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,  
 Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)  
 Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,  
 And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,  
 I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,  
 Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,  
 I own I should feel it unchristian and odd  
 Not to find myself also in *Vishnu's* good graces

For, among all the gods that humanely attend  
 To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes  
 Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend  
 In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes! \*

So, take my advice — for, if even the devil  
 Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,  
 'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,  
 As nobody doubts we should get something by  
 him.

\* *Vishnu* was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god,"  
 — his first Avater being in the shape of a fish.

## ENIGMA.

*Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
And tell me what my name may be.  
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,  
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose ; —  
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have  
told),  
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my  
clothes ;  
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,  
That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,  
It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land  
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.  
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my  
stature,  
To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply ;  
And the doctors declare that, in due course of na-  
ture,  
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.  
Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,  
An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all ;  
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,  
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.  
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
Come, tell me what my name may be



When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his  
book,

Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,  
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,  
And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!  
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,  
And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,  
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"  
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the  
blanket.

When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall  
His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,  
Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,  
And the cup falls to earth and — the gout to his  
toe!

But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram  
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's  
acres,  
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,  
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my  
makers.

Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

1827.

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown  
Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun, —  
"What's the number of souls in this town?" —  
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,  
"Of *them* a great plenty there are; —  
"But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and grace,  
"Are all t'other side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,  
Not a soul to be seen, up or down; —  
Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,  
But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new;  
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;  
Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid \* or two,  
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?

\* One of the shows of London.

Where, Eldon, art thou, with thy tears?  
And thou, with thy sense, Londonderry?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,  
In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled!—  
It being his task to take care  
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils  
Are so worthy a captain of horse —  
Whose amendments \* (like honest Sir Boyle's)  
Are "*amendments*, that make matters *worse*;" †

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains  
To prove — what is granted, *nem. con.* —  
With how mod'rate a portion of brains  
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my Redesdale, ah, where  
Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
Whose *quarters* could ever compare  
With Redesdale's five quarters of mutton? ‡

\* More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.

† From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.

‡ The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
 Ye diverting and dignified crew?  
 How ill do three farces a night,  
 At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
 My Ellenbro', when thou look'st big?  
 Or, where's the burletta can be  
 Like Lauderdale's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof\* could  
 (Though Griffin's a comical lad)  
 Invent any joke half so good  
 As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!  
 Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;  
 And — of all things the funniest — bring  
 These exalted Grimaldis again!

\* The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD  
LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the  
rage)

The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,  
Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage  
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"  
'T is a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;  
And few dogs have such opportunities had  
Of knowing how Lions behave — among friends ;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,  
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small ;  
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog  
thinks  
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy  
allows —

It was all, he says, borrow'd — all second-hand  
roar ;

And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,  
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits

Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,  
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,  
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in  
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,  
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their  
kitchen, [dead.  
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when  
T. PIDCOCK.

*Exeter 'Change.*



# ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

*Et tu, Brute!*

1828.\*

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy!  
After so much good teaching 't is quite a *take-in*,  
Sir ; —  
First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,  
And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at  
Windsor! †

\* At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.

† Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder ; —  
 Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call !  
 Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder, —  
 And now, to turn absolute Don, after all !!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter  
 Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they  
*dine*,  
 Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,  
 And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no  
 doubt ; —

Great Despots on *bouilli* serv'd up à la Russe,\*  
 Your small German Princes on frogs and sour croust,  
 And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

*Some* Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be  
 fable)

A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder  
 it ; —

Not content with the common *hot* meat on a table,  
 They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold* under  
 it ! †

\* Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits — a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

† This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars — the hiding the body under the dinner-table, etc. etc. — is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

No wonder a Don of such appetites found  
 Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain;  
 Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends  
 round  
 Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine*.

Alas! that a youth with such charming beginnings,  
 Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,  
 And, what is still worse, throw the losings and win-  
 nings  
 Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics — the Bears just as bad —  
 The few men who *have*, and the many who've *not*  
 tick,  
 All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,  
 Prince Metternich's pupil, is — *not* patriotic!



THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT  
 OF IRELAND.

1828.

OFt have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,  
 Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride  
 Two stately steeds — standing, with graceful straddle,  
 Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,  
 While to soft tunes — some jigs, and some *an-*  
*dantes* —  
 He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.



So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,  
 That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present; —  
*Papist* and *Protestant* the coursers twain,  
 That lend their necks to his impartial rein,  
 And round the ring — each honour'd, as they go,  
 With equal pressure from his gracious toe —  
 To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"  
 And half "Boyne Water," take their cantering way,  
 While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks  
 His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!  
 How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start; —  
 If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,  
 And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on!  
 But no, false hopes — not ev'n the great Ducrow  
 'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:  
 If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,  
 What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic*?

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,  
 Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;  
 If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip  
 To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip —  
 That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!  
 Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,  
 And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.

"Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna." ARIOSTO.

"—— a valley, where he sees  
Things that on earth were lost." MILTON.

1828.

KNOW'ST thou not him \* the poet sings,  
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,  
And saw that valley, where all the things,  
That vanish on earth, are found again —  
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,  
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,  
The golden visions of mining cites,  
The promises great men strew about them ;  
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits  
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them ! —  
Like him, but diving with wing profound,  
I have been to a Limbo under ground,  
Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,  
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)  
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,  
And there, so worthless and fly-blown,  
That even the imps would not purloin them,  
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

\* Astolpho.

Curious it was to see this mass  
 Of lost and torn-up reputations ; —  
 Some of them female wares, alas,  
 Mislaid at *innocent* assignments ;  
 Some, that had sigh'd their last amen  
 From the canting lips of saints that would be ;  
 And some once own'd by "the best of men,"  
 Who had prov'd — no better than they should be.  
 'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,  
 Once shining fair, now soak'd and black —  
 "No wonder" (an imp at my elbow cried),  
 "For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,  
 Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons ;  
 And lo ! a dev'l right downward sped,  
 Bringing, within his claws so red,  
 Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,  
 Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons ;  
 The which, with black official grin,  
 He now to the Chief Imp handed in ; —  
*Both* these articles much the worse  
 For their journey down, as you may suppose ;  
 But *one* so devilish rank — "Odd's curse !" —  
 Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho !" quoth he, "I know full well  
 "From whom these two stray matters fell ;" —  
 Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,  
 The' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug

The' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),  
 His gaze on the other \* firm he fix'd,  
 And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,  
 To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,  
 "What a pity!" he cried—"so fresh its gloss,  
 "So long preserv'd—'tis a public loss!  
 "This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,  
 "Keeping his character in his pocket;  
 "And there—without considering whether  
 "There's room for that and his gains together—  
 "Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,  
 "Till—out slips character some fine day!

"However"—and here he view'd it round—  
 "This article still may pass for sound.  
 "Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all  
 "The harm it has had in its luckless fall.  
 "Here, Puck!"—and he call'd to one of his train—  
 "The owner may have this back again.  
 "Though damag'd for ever, if us'd with skill,  
 "It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;  
 "Though the gem can never, as once, be set,  
 "It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

\* Huskisson.

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

*Qui facit per alium facit per se.*

'MONG our neighbours, the French, in the good olden  
time

When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes  
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,

But ne'er took the trouble to write their own  
books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters ; —

And, one day, a Bishop addressing a *Blue*,  
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral  
Letters?"

To which the *Blue* answer'd—"No, Bishop, have  
*you?*"

The same is now done by *our* privileg'd class ;

And, to show you how simple the process it needs,  
If a great Major-General \* wishes to pass  
For an author of History, thus he proceeds : —

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well

As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claims him as *kin*,  
He settles his neckcloth — takes snuff — rings the  
bell,

And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

\* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

The Subaltern comes — sees his General seated,  
 In all the self-glory of authorship swelling ; —  
 “ There, look,” saith his Lordship, “ my work is  
 completed, —  
 “ It wants nothing now, but the grammar and  
 spelling.”

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads  
 Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times  
 more ;  
 And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of  
 heads,  
 He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's  
 before.

However, the job's sure to *pay* — that's enough —  
 So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,  
 Convinc'd that there never was job half so tough  
 As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view —  
 New toil for the Sub. — for the Lord new expense :  
 'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar* wo'n't do,  
 As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense* !

At last — even this is achieved by his aid ;  
 Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and — the story ;  
 Drums beat — the new Grand March of Intellect's  
 play'd —  
 And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory !

IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

“Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali  
Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.” *Inferno, canto 5.*

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng  
Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me — blown along,  
Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,  
By many a fitful gust that through their forms  
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,  
And puff'd as — though they'd never puff enough.

“Whence and what are ye?” pitying I inquir'd  
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tir'd  
With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand  
On their lean legs while answering my demand.  
“We once were authors” — thus the Sprite, who led  
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said —  
“Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,  
“Who, early smit with love of praise and — *pewter*,\*  
“On C—lb—n's† shelves first saw the light of day,  
“In ———'s puffs exhal'd our lives away —  
“Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,  
“When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.  
“Ah, little knew we then what ills await  
“Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state ;

\* The *classical* term for money.

† The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *dissyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him.

"Bepuff'd on earth — how loudly Str—t can tell —  
 "And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"

Touch'd with compassion for this ghastly crew,  
 Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through  
 In mournful prose, — such prose as Rosa's \* ghost  
 Still, at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,  
 Sighs through the columns of the *Morning Post*, —  
 Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood  
 Foremost of all that flatulential brood,  
 Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,  
 "Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,†  
 "One of our *letter'd* nymphs — excuse the pun —  
 "Who gain'd a name on earth by — having none;  
 "And whose initials would immortal be,  
 "Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.

"Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,  
 "Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes — fit winding-  
 sheet —

"Still marvels much that not a soul should care  
 "One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair;' —  
 "While this young gentleman," (here forth he drew  
 A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,  
 As though his ribs were an *Æolian* lyre  
 For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)

\* Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the  
 political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still  
 seems to preside — "regnat Rosa" — over its pages.

† Not the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose  
 poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.



"This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,  
 "To have his volume read, himself unknown;  
 "But different far the course his glory took,  
 "All knew the author, and — none read the book.

"Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,  
 "Who rides the blast, Sir Jonah Barrington; —  
 "In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,  
 "And now the wind returns the compliment.  
 "This lady here, the Earl of ———'s sister,  
 "Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister —  
 "Beg pardon — *Honourable* Mister Lister,  
 "A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over  
 "In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.  
 "Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,  
 "Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown  
     away —  
 "Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind  
 "No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou, thyself" — here, anxious, I exclaim'd —  
 "Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."  
 "Me, Sir!" he blushing cried — "Ah, there's the rub —  
 "Know, then — a waiter once at Brooks's Club,  
 "A waiter still I might have long remain'd,  
 "And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd;  
 "But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,  
 "I wrote a book,\* and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member' —

\* "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member of Brooks's."



" 'Member of Brooks's ! ' — oh Promethean puff,  
 " To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff !  
 " With crumbs of gossip, caught from dining wits,  
 " And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'  
     bits,  
 " To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites ; —  
 " With such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,  
 " But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,  
 " I manag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,  
 " Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down ;  
 " And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,  
 " The Devil but rang his bell, and — here I am ; —  
 " Yes — ' Coming *up*, Sir,' once my favourite cry,  
 " Exchang'd for ' Coming *down*, Sir,' here am I ! "

Scarce had the Spectre's lips these words let drop,  
 When, lo, a breeze — such as from ——'s shop  
 Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,  
 And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sale* —  
 Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,  
 And, whirling him and all his grisly group  
 Of literary ghosts — Miss X. Y. Z. —  
 The nameless author, better known than read —  
 Sir Jo. — the Honourable Mr. Lister,  
 And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-sister —  
 Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes  
 And sins about them, far into those climes  
 " Where Peter pitch'd his waiscoat " \* in old times,

\* A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, " Nine miles beyond  
 Hell, where Peter pitched his waistcoat."

Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,  
 With my great master, through this realm unblest,  
 Whether Old Nick or Colburn puffs the best.



LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD  
 BATHURST'S TAIL.\*

ALL *in* again — unlook'd for bliss !  
 Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss ; —  
 One tender tie, attach'd so long  
 To the same head through right and wrong.  
 Why, Bathurst, why didst thou cut off  
     That memorable tail of thine ?  
 Why — as if *one* was not enough —  
     Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,  
 And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run* ?  
 Alas, my Lord, 't was not well done,  
 'T was not, indeed — though sad at heart,  
 From office and its sweets to part,  
 Yet hopes of coming in again,  
 Sweet Tory hopes ! beguil'd our pain ;  
 But thus to miss that tail of thine,  
 Through long, long years our rallying sign —  
 As if the State and all its powers  
 By tenancy *in tail* were ours —

\* The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

To see it thus by scissors fall,  
*This* was "the' unkindest *cut* of all!"  
 It seem'd as though the' ascendant day  
 Of Toryism had pass'd away,  
 And, proving Samson's story true,  
 She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said —  
 The tail directs them, not the head;  
 Then, how could *any* party fail,  
 That steer'd its course by Bathurst's tail?  
 Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,  
 E'er shed such guiding glories from it,  
 As erst, in all true Tories' sight,  
 Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!  
 If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,  
 (As Wellington will be anon)  
 Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;  
 But no, alas, thou hadst but one,  
 And *that* — like Troy, or Babylon,  
 A tale of other times — is gone!

Yet — weep ye not, ye Tories true —  
 Fate has not yet of all bereft us;  
 Though thus depriv'd of Bathurst's *queue*,  
 We've Ellenborough's *curls* still left us; —  
 Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,  
 His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;  
 Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,  
 Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,

His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,\*  
 And oft in thundering talk comes near him;—  
 Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,  
 And here, 'tis only those who hear him.  
 Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil  
 Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,  
 With plenty of Macassar oil,  
 Through many a year your growth to nourish!  
 And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath  
 His barbarous shears such locks to sever,  
 Still dear to Tories, even in death,  
 Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,  
 A *hair*-loom to our sons for ever.

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### THE CHERRIES.

#### A PARABLE.†

SEE those cherries, how they cover  
 Yonder sunny garden wall;—  
 Had they not that network over,  
 Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,  
 Ancient sages wove a net,

\* "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."

POPE's *Homer*.

† Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.

Through whose holes, of small dimensions,  
Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen?  
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,  
Through which, ev'n already, slide in  
Lots of small dissenting souls?

"God forbid!" old *Testy* crieth;  
"God forbid!" so echo I;  
Every ravenous bird that flieth  
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,  
And, behold, what berries break in; —  
*Here*, some curst old Popish crow  
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

*Here*, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,  
And Socinians, slim and spare,  
Who, with small belief encumber'd,  
Slip in easy anywhere; —

Methodists, of birds the aptest,  
Where there's *pecking* going on;  
And that water-fowl, the Baptist —  
All would share our fruits anon;

Ev'ry bird, of ev'ry city,  
That, for years, with ceaseless din,

Hath revers'd the starling's ditty,  
Singing out "I can't get *in*."

"God forbid!" old *Testy* snivels;  
"God forbid!" I echo too;  
Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls  
Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit wo'n't suit 'em,  
Hips and haws and such like berries,  
Curse the corm'rants! stone 'em, shoot 'em,  
Any thing — to save our cherries.



STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF  
DEFEAT.\*

1828.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,  
If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and ex-  
pense;  
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,  
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,  
If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her breath,  
Let Mutes do the office — and spare her the pain  
Of an Inglis or Tyndal to talk her to death.

\* During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session.

2

Chain, persecute, plunder — do all that you will —  
 But save us, at least, the old womanly lore  
 Of a Foster, who, dully prophetic of ill,  
 Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR \* and  
 BORE.

Bring legions of Squires — if they'll only be mute —  
 And array their thick heads against reason and  
 right,  
 Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,† [fight;  
 Who with droves of dumb animals carried the

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,  
 Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,  
 Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,  
 Have their consciences tack'd to their patents  
 and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,  
 Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they  
 swim;‡  
 With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,  
 Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship  
 ev'n him;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,  
 That illumines and blesses our age is combin'd;

\* This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auger*.

† Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.

‡ Res Fisci est, ubicumque natat. — JUVENAL.



While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look  
down,  
And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind;

Let bold Paddy Holmes show his troops on the  
other,  
And, counting of noses the quantum desir'd,  
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's fam'd mother,  
"Come forward, my *jewels*" — 'tis all that's re-  
quir'd.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter —  
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;  
But spare ev'n your victims the torture of laughter,  
And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!



# ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

LET other bards to groves repair,  
Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,  
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where  
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,  
Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;  
To raise the wind for Royalty  
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,  
 And all such vulgar irrigation,  
 Let Gallic rhino through our Woods  
 Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well  
 What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,  
 When, sly, he introduc'd in hell  
 His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree : — \*

Nor see I why, some future day,  
 When short of cash, we should not send  
 Our Herries down — he knows the way —  
 To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,  
 Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"  
 Our gracious King gets all he wants, —  
*Except* a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclin'd,  
 Like him of fair Armida's bowers,  
 May Wellington some *wood*-nymph find,  
 To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours ;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,  
 And soothe the pangs his warlike brain  
 Must suffer, when, unus'd to thought,  
 It tries to think, and — tries in vain.

- Called by Virgil, botanically, "*species auri frondentis*."

Oh long may Woods and Forests be  
Preserv'd, in all their teeming graces,  
To shelter Tory bards, like me,  
Who take delight in Sylvan *places* ! \*



STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE  
SHANNON.†

1828.

"Take back the virgin page."

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

No longer, dear Vesey, feel hurt and uneasy  
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,  
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my Vesey,  
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.‡

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee ; —  
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more ;  
By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon  
thee  
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

\* Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut amem *loca* ———

OVID.

† These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Vesey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.

‡ Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

Come — on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,  
 (Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would  
 lend you,)

Read Vesey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)  
 And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send  
 you ;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,  
 Whose awful impressions from you and your kin  
 Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd —  
 Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're mere *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,  
 Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare  
 one ;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,  
 And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once),  
 wear one.

Again and again I say, read Vesey o'er ; —  
 You will find him worth all the old scrolls of  
 papyrus,

That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,  
 Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire  
 us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,  
 Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and  
 Dukes,

Whose plain, simple drift if they *wo'n't* understand,  
 Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St.  
 Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls! — more meaning convey'd is

In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,  
 Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies  
 That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eldon.



#### THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the character of  
 Major CARTWRIGHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,

Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?

Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,

Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

'Tis so pretty a bolus! — just down let it go,

And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,

Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,

If your heads all vere found, vere your tailsh  
 ought to be!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'T will cure all Electors, and purge away clear

Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands —

'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma tear,  
 Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister  
 VAN'S.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach —  
 Give the Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,  
 Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,  
 And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 up again!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, etc.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint —  
 But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,  
 It will cure de *Proad Pottom*\* — a common com-  
 plaint

Among M. P.'s and weavers — from *sitting* too  
 long.

Should symptoms of *speeching* break out on a dunce  
 (Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,  
 And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,  
 Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,  
 Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?  
 Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,  
 Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

\* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS." \*

OH tidings of freedom ! oh accents of hope !  
 Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,  
 And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,  
 From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,  
 "Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,  
 "His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,  
 "May *think* (tender tyrants!) of loosening his  
 chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!" — precious salve for our  
 wounds,  
 If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,  
 Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that re-  
 sounds,  
 Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain — the grand impulse is given —  
 Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will  
 claim ;

\* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of  
 Lords, June 10, 1828, when the motion in favour of Catholic  
 Emancipation, brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne,  
 was rejected by the House of Lords.

And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,  
 Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and the  
 shame.

"If the slave will be silent!" — vain Soldier, be-  
 ware —

There is a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,  
 When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,  
 But clings round the heart with a deadlier  
 gloom; —

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's  
 cheek,

Gives place to the' avenger's pale, resolute hue;  
 And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to  
*speak,*  
 Consigns to the arm the high office — to *do*.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,  
 When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,  
 Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power  
 To the despot on land and the foe on the flood: —

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the  
 west,

To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;  
 And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the op-  
 prest,  
 That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!  
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*If*, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall  
 That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's  
 sweet day  
 At length seem'd to break through a long night of  
 thrall,  
 And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray ; —

*If* Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,  
 Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,  
 Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,  
 Now wants but invoking to shine out again ; —

If — *if*, I say — breathings like these should come  
 o'er  
 The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they  
 come,  
 Then, *perhaps* — ay, *perhaps* — but I dare not say  
 more ;  
 Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute —  
 I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air. — "*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

Salvete, fratres Agni. ST. FRANCIS.

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,  
 Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;  
 The good we've sought for many a year  
 Your quills will bring at last.  
 One letter more, Newcastle, pen,  
 To match Lord Kenyon's *two*,  
 And more than Ireland's host of men,  
 One brace of Peers will do.  
 Write on, write on, etc.

Sure, never, since the precious use  
 Of pen and ink began,  
 Did letters, writ by fools, produce  
 Such signal good to man.  
 While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
 Is marching *on*, they say,  
 Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,  
 Like crabs, the *other* way.  
 Write on, write on, etc.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light —  
 Ev'n now, could Folly lure

My Lord Mountcashel, too, to write,  
 Emancipation's sure.  
 By geese (we read in history),  
 Old Rome was sav'd from ill;  
 And now, to *quills* of geese, we see,  
 Old Rome indebted still.  
 Write on, write on, etc.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,  
 Nor beat for sense about —  
 Things, little worth a Noble's while,  
 You're better far without.  
 Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,  
 Such miracles were done;  
 For, write but four such letters more,  
 And Freedom's cause is won!



# SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent." MURROW.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;  
 I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,  
 From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,  
 And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,  
 "Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,  
 Ye Tenthhs of all conceivable things,

Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,  
 Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,\*  
 After the feast of fruit abhorr'd —  
 First indigestion on record! —  
 Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,  
 Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,  
 Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,  
 In the Church must have your bacon sav'd; —  
 Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,  
 And, whatsoever *himself* believes,  
 Must bow to the' Establish'd *Church* belief,  
 That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf; —  
 Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven  
 Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven; †  
 Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,  
 Eggs, ‡ timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;  
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,  
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,  
 To suffer eternal decimation —  
 Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,  
 Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten;

\* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

† "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one." — REES's *Cyclopædia*, art. "*Tithes*."

‡ Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,  
 Or an apple, or an aye (egg),  
 They make him swear upon a boke;  
 Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

Or — as we calculate thefts and arsons —  
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!  
 Alas, and is all this wise device  
 For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice? —  
 The whole put down, in the simplest way,  
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!  
 And even the Papists, thankless race,  
 Who have had so much the easiest case —  
 To *pay* for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,  
 But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too —  
 (Our holy business being, 'tis known,  
 With the ears of their barley, not their own,)  
 Even *they* object to let us pillage,  
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,  
 And, horror of horrors, even decline  
 To find us in sacramental wine! \*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,  
 Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,  
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,  
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat." †  
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport  
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,  
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel —  
*Scriptures* all, but *not* the Bible;

\* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

† Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10. — "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."

Working the Law's whole apparatus,  
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,  
And summoning all the powers of wig,  
To settle the fraction of a pig! —  
Till, parson and all committed deep  
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"  
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,  
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,  
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,  
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,  
For *tenths* thus all at *sizes* and *sevens*,  
Seeking what parsons love no less  
Than tragic poets — a good *distress*.  
Instead of studying St. Angustin,  
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin  
(Books fit only to hoard dust in),  
His reverence stints his evening readings  
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,  
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,  
Which forms his only *ancient* study; —  
Port so old, you'd swear its tartar  
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,  
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt  
His martyrdom would have been — to gout.

Is all then lost? — alas, too true —  
Ye Tenthis belov'd, adieu, adieu!  
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er —  
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"—LORD BEELEY'S *Letter to the Freeholders of Kent*.

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,  
Ye curst improvements, cease ;  
And let poor Nick Vansittart drop  
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,  
Young Freedom, veil thy head ;  
Let nothing good be thought or done,  
Till Nick Vansittart's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,  
Who much doth light detest ;  
And let his last few drivelling years  
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,  
Speed not so fast away—  
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,  
A few months longer stay.\*

Together soon, or much I err,  
You *both* from life may go—

\* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

The notes unto the scavenger,  
And Nick — to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,  
Be all reforms suspended ;  
In compliment to dear old Van,  
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,  
Your cry politely cease,  
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings  
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime  
By few old rag-men gain'd ;  
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,  
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,  
And dolts ungotten yet,  
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"  
With fond and sad regret ; —

And sighing, say, "Alas, had he  
"Been spar'd from Pluto's bowers,  
"The blessed reign of Bigotry  
"And Rags might still be ours !"



TO THE REVEREND ———.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

WHAT, *you*, too, my \* \* \* \* \*, in hashes so knowing,  
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest !  
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going  
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest ?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts ;  
And — if you want *something* to tease — for  
variety,  
Go study how Ude, in his “Cookery,” treats  
Live eels, when he fits them in polish’d society.

Just snuggling them in, ’twixt the bars of the fire,  
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,\*  
In a manner that Horner himself would admire,  
And wish, ’stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;  
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown ;  
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,  
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone

\* The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook —  
 How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis* ; \*  
 And, if you'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,  
 A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive — make a good steady fire —  
 Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,  
 (As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire,)  
 And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,  
 Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,  
 He dies of as charming a liver complaint  
 As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,  
 What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use  
 meant,  
 Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been  
 Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's  
 amusement :

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they  
 quiver,  
 A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees —  
 No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,  
 No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her  
 disease.

\* A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of  
 geese are enlarged for the famous *Patés de foie d'oie*.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions  
 The Irish once were Carthaginians ;  
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,  
 I'd rather say they were Egyptians.  
 My reason's this : — the Priests of Isis,  
     When forth they march'd in long array,  
 Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,  
     A Sacred Ass to lead the way ; \*  
 And still the antiquarian traces  
     'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,  
 For still, in all religious cases,  
     They put Lord Roden in the van.



A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord Kenyon (the Peer who writes  
     letters,  
 For which the waste-paper folks much are his  
     debtors)  
 Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,  
 Which puzzleth observers, ev'n more than his writing.  
 Whenever Lord Kenyon doth chance to behold  
 A cold Apple-pie — mind, the pie *must* be cold —

\* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria."

His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),  
 And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.  
 This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,  
 Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather  
     queer —

Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head  
 (Vide *Crustium*, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.  
 Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes  
 For the service that pie-crust hath done to his  
     prose ; —

The only good things in his pages, they swear,  
 Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts  
     there.

*Others* say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,  
 To our Glorious Deliverer's much honour'd shade ;  
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)  
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,\*  
 And 'tis solely in royal remembrance of that,  
 My Lord Kenyon to apple-pie takes off his hat.  
 While others account for this kind salutation  
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation ;" —  
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,  
 'Twixt old *Apple-women* and *Orange-men* lies.

\* See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas — the first of the season — while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share.

But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,  
 For thus, we 're assur'd, the whole matter arises :  
 Lord Kenyon's respected old father (like many  
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny ;  
 And lov'd so to save,\* that — there's not the least  
 question —

His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,  
 From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,  
 At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.  
 Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies  
 Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes —  
 Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff  
 To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off —  
 And while *filial* piety urges so many on,  
 'T is pure *apple-pie-ety* moves my Lord Kenyon.

\* The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically thus: — "*Mors Jamna vita.*"

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain not over-wise judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, etc.

Huc coeamus,\* ait; nullique libentius unquam  
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.

OVID.

THERE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,  
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"  
To the "airy-tongu'd babbler," that sports  
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,  
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;  
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,  
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,  
Certain "talented" echoes † there dwell,  
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you do?"  
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

\* "Let us form Clubs."

† Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

But why should I talk any more  
 Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,  
 When Britain has new ones in store,  
 That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,  
 Concerning which bards make a pother,  
 There's none like that happy rebound  
 When one blockhead echoes another;—

When Kenyon commences the bray,  
 And the Borough-Duke follows his track;  
 And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,  
 Rathdowne brays, with interest, back;—

And while, of *most* echoes the sound  
 On our ear by reflection doth fall,  
 These Brunswickers \* pass the bray round,  
 Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,  
 Who can name all the echoes there are  
 From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,  
 From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,  
 The rebounds of this asinine strain,  
 Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came  
 To the *chief* Neddy, Kenyon, again;

\* Anti-Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland.

Might tell how it roar'd in Rathdowne,  
 How from Dawson it died off genteelly —  
 How hollow it rung from the crown  
 Of the fat-pated Marquis of Ely ;

How, on hearing my Lord of G——e,  
 Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,  
 Outdone, in their own special line,  
 By the forty-ass power of his bray !

But, no — for so humble a bard  
 'T is a subject too trying to touch on ;  
 Such noblemen's names are too hard,  
 And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,  
 Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves ;  
 If, in spite of Narcissus, you still  
 Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,  
 To walk by the Trent's wooded side,  
 You may meet with Newcastle, admiring  
 His own lengthen'd ears in the tide !

Or, on into Cambria straying,  
 Find Kenyon, that double tongu'd elf,  
 In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying  
 A Brunswick duet with himself !



INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

1828.

SCENE. — *Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*  
*Thunder. — Enter three Brunswickers.*

1st *Bruns.* — THRICE hath scribbling Kenyon  
 scrawl'd,

2d *Bruns.* — Once hath fool Newcastle bawl'd,

3d *Bruns.* — Bexley snores: — 'tis time, 'tis time,

1st *Bruns.* — Round about the caldron go;

In the pois'nous nonsense throw.

Bigot spite, that long hath grown,

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of Scott,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

*All.* — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 Eldon talk, and Kenyon scribble.

2d *Bruns.* — Slaver from Newcastle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth

Both with venom and with froth.

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,

Being scant) of Lord Mountcashel,

With that malty stuff which Chandos

Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)

One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of Salisbury, —  
 One idea, though it be  
 Smaller than the "happy flea,"  
 Which his sire, in sonnet terse,  
 Wedded to immortal verse.\*  
 Though to rob the son is sin,  
 Put his *one* idea in;  
 And, to keep it company,  
 Let that conjuror Winchelsea  
 Drop but *half* another there,  
 If he hath so much to spare.  
 Dreams of murders and of arsons,  
 Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,  
 Bring from every hole and corner  
 Where ferocious priests, like Horner,  
 Purely for religious good,  
 Cry aloud for Papist's blood,  
 Blood for Wells, and such old women,  
 At their ease to wade and swim in.

*All.* — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 Bexley, talk, and Kenyon, scribble.

\* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance: —

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,  
 If I were you, or you were I."

"Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,  
 If I were you, or you were me;  
 But since, alas! that cannot be,  
 I must remain Lord Salisbury."

3*d* *Bruns.* — Now the charm begin to brew ;  
 Sisters, sisters, add thereto  
 Scraps of Lethbridge's old speeches,  
 Mix'd with leather from his breeches.  
 Rinsings of old Bexley's brains,  
 Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)  
 With that pulp which rags create,  
 In their middle, *nympha* state,  
 Ere, like insects frail and sunny,  
 Forth they wing abroad as money.  
 There — the Hell-broth we've enchanted —  
 Now but *one* thing more is wanted.  
 Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,  
 Castlereagh keeps cork'd for use,  
 Which, to work the better spell, is  
 Colour'd deep with blood of —,  
 Blood, of powers far more various,  
 Ev'n than that of Januarius,  
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,  
 England's parsons bow before it !  
*All.* — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
 Bexley, talk, and Kenyon, scribble.

2*d* *Bruns.* — Cool it now with ——'s blood,  
 So the charm is firm and good. [ *Exeunt.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHENE'ER you're in doubt, said a Sage I once  
 knew,  
 'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,  
 Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,  
 Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker  
 throng;  
 In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively  
 wrong,  
 That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,  
 Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you  
 The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you —  
 Were you even more doltish than any giv'n man is,  
 More soft than Newcastle, more twaddling than  
 Van is,

I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,  
 To make you the soundest of sound politicians.  
 Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying  
 Tory —

Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—  
 Watch well how he dines, during any great Ques-  
 tion — [tion —

What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his diges-

And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew  
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.  
 Read him backwards, like Hebrew — whatever he  
 wishes,

Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.  
 Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,  
 When he's *out*, be an *In* — when he's *in*, be an  
*Out*.

Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night  
 and day,

Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way : —  
 If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh ;  
 If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.  
 Never mind what debaters or journalists say,  
 Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other  
 way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely  
 The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't  
 know why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.  
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.  
 Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole  
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your  
 soul.

In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,  
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast  
 of his.

Nay, as Siamese ladies — at least, the polite ones —  
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white  
 ones —

If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,  
 Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,  
 Even *then* stand aloof — for, be sure that Old Nick,  
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is — and, in one single verse,  
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.  
 Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,  
 And then — you'll be all that an honest man should  
     be.



### EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD, TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!  
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!  
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,  
 Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forc'd to submit to that general controller  
 Of King, Lords, and cotton mills, Public Opinion,  
 No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,  
 Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please  
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we  
     were let,

We might range them alternate, like harpsichord  
keys,  
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over ; — farewell to the zest  
Which Slav'ry now lends to each tea-cup we sip ;  
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,  
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the  
whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies —  
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their  
tasks,  
Mix so well with their namesakes, the " Billies " and  
" Jennies,"  
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks ; —

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,  
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,  
To " keep feeding the scribblers," \* — and better, 't is  
said,  
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,  
So hard 't is to part from the smack of the thong,  
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping  
process),  
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

\* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by  
children.

## THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator ! OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,  
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,  
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,  
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name  
"Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,  
"Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed —  
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,  
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,  
That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,  
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,  
For never was Greek more Greek than he!  
And still as the premium higher went,  
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*  
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,  
The heat and the *silver* rise together,)  
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,  
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"  
The Ghost of Miltiades came again; —  
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,  
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;  
(And poor, dear ghost — how little he knew  
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)



"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,  
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears — amaz'd that ghosts  
Could be such fools — and away he posts,  
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no —  
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,  
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,  
Thou triest their passion, when under *par*.  
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,  
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,  
And wishes the devil had Crescent and Cross,  
Ere *he* had been forc'd to sell at a loss.  
They quote him the Stock of various nations,  
But, spite of his classic associations,  
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*  
"Who'll buy my Scrip? Who'll buy my Scrip?"  
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,  
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is  
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,  
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,  
"Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break  
"Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine —  
"If you'll only consent to buy up *mine!*"  
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more; —  
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,  
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,  
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,  
"Who turn to a trade her cause divine,  
"And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"

Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,  
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,  
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry —  
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!



ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN  
THE DICTIONARY—ONE *GALT* AT THE  
HEAD OF IT.

GOD preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from  
assault;—  
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the  
hammer;  
And accounts have just reach'd us that one *Mr. Galt*  
Has declar'd open war against English and Gram-  
mar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,  
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,  
Had lately 'mong Colburn's troops of *the line*  
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,  
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford ;  
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,  
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,  
 And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

*Wednesday evening.*

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene ;  
 Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,  
 Has seiz'd a great Powder — no, Puff Magazine,  
 And the' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,  
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)  
 Of lyrical "ichor," \* "gelatinous" prose,†  
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.‡

*Now*, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,  
 Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a  
 sonnet ; §

*Now*, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,  
 With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it ! ||

\* "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions." —  
 GALT's *Life of Byron*.

† "That gelatinous character of their effusions." — *Ibid*.

‡ "The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortalization." — *Ibid*.

§ "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody." — *Ibid*.

|| "He was a mystery in a winding sheet crowned with a halo." — GALT's *Life of Byron*.

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines ;  
 Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't  
 make it out ;  
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,  
 That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can  
 doubt.



### RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT  
 REVERENDS.

RESOLV'D — to stick to ev'ry particle  
 Of ev'ry Creed and ev'ry Article  
 Reforming nought, or great or little  
 We'll stanchly stand by every tittle,\*  
 And scorn the swallow of that soul  
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolv'd, that, though St. Athanasius  
 In damning souls is rather spacious —  
 Though wide and far his curses fall,  
 Our Church "hath stomach for them all ;"  
 And those who're not content with such,  
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

\* One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1673 was — "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks — "Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it."

Resolv'd — such liberal souls are we —  
 Though hating Nonconformity,  
 We yet believe the cash no worse is  
 That comes from Nonconformist purses.  
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches  
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,  
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny  
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;  
 And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay  
 May through the nose for ever pray,  
 If *also* through the nose they'll pay.

Resolv'd, that Hooper,\* Latimer,†  
 And Cranmer,‡ all extremely err,  
 In taking such a low-bred view  
 Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do: —  
 All owing to the fact, poor men,  
 That Mother Church was modest then,  
 Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,  
 The Public, would in time produce.

\* "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient." — *On the Commandments*, p. 72.

† "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve." — *Lat. Serm.*

‡ "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," etc. — *Life of Cranmer, by Strype, Appendix.*

One Pisgah peep at modern Durham  
 To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.  
 Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,  
 Whose income just enough affords  
 To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,  
 Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,  
 How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,  
 Giving the poor the largest shares —  
 Our answer is, in one short word,  
 We think it pious, but absurd.  
 Those good men made the world their debtor,  
 But we, the Church reform'd, know better ;  
 And, taking all that all can pay,  
 Balance the' account the other way.

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are  
 To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,  
 Who proves (by arguments so clear  
 One sees how much he holds *per year*)  
 That England's Church, though out of date,  
 Must still be left to lie in state,  
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as  
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,  
 All pickled snug — the brains drawn out — \*  
 With costly cerements swathed about, —  
 And "Touch me not," those words terrific,  
 Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

\* Part of the process of embalment.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis:  
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 7

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,  
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,  
Being much too pious, as every one knows,  
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,  
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,  
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.  
He found himself, to his great amaze,  
In Charles the First's high Tory days,  
And just at the time that gravest of Courts  
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports. — \*

*Sunday Sports!* what a thing for the ear  
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear! —

\* *The Book of Sports* drawn up by Bishop Moreton was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," etc.

It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,  
 When the people from church were coming away;  
 And Andrew with horror heard this song,  
 As the smiling sinners flock'd along:—  
 "Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!  
 "For a week of work and a Sunday of play  
 "Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"  
 And he grinned with conscious holiness.  
 But the song went on, and, to brim the cup  
 Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses — let's have a dance —  
 "For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,  
 "Well knowing that no one's the more in advance  
 On the road to heaven, for standing still.  
 "Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces  
 "Should sour the cream of a creed of love;  
 "Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,  
 "Alone should sit among cherubs above.  
 "Then hurrah for the Bishops, etc.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,  
 "When the Church herself each sport points out;—  
 "There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,  
 "And a May-pole high to dance about.  
 "Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,  
 "Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,  
 VOL. III. 11



" With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,  
 " Will do for a May-pole just as well.  
 " Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!  
 " A week of work and a Sabbath of play  
 " Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who does n't much deal in history,  
 This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;  
 And God knows where might have ended the joke,  
 But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.  
 And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)  
 That since that dream — which, one would suppose,  
 Should have made his godly stomach rise,  
 Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies —  
 He has view'd things quite with different eyes;  
 Is beginning to take, on matters divine,  
 Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line —  
 Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,  
 As an interlude 't wixt Sunday prayers; —  
 Nay, talks of getting Archbishop Howley  
 To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,  
 That all good Protestants, from this date,  
 May, freely and lawfully, recreate,  
 Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,  
 With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

## A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ———.

Air. — “ *Come live with me and be my love.*”

COME wed with me, and we will write,  
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.  
Chased from our classic souls shall be  
All thoughts of vulgar progeny ;  
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows  
Of chubby duodecimos,  
While I, to match thy products nearly,  
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.  
’Tis true, ev’n books entail some trouble ;  
But *live* productions give one double.  
Correcting children is *such* bother, —  
While printers’ dev’ls correct the other.  
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,  
How much more decent ’tis to hear  
From male or female — as it may be —  
“ How is your book ? ” than “ How’s your baby ? ”  
And, whereas physic and wet nurses  
Do much exhaust paternal purses,  
Our books, if rickety, may go  
And be well dry-nurs’d in *the Row* ;  
And, when God wills to take them hence,  
Are buried at *the Row’s* expense.

Besides, (as ’tis well prov’d by thee,  
In thy own Works, vol. 93,)

### A SCOTCH ODE.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire  
In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil eneugh,

\* See "Ella of Garveloch." — Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch  
squire,  
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire  
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,  
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew ;"  
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,  
An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,  
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,  
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew !  
"Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,  
"For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise  
"In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew !

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad  
To ca' o'er the coals your nobelity, too ;  
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,\* a' clad  
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad—  
But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right  
To gang to the deevil — as maist o' them do —  
To stop them our Andie would think na polite ;  
And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by't)  
But he'd follow 'em, booing,† would Andrew  
Agnew.

\* Servants in livery.

† For the "gude effects and uteelity of booing," see the *Man of the World*.

AWFUL EVENT.

YES, Winchelsea (I tremble while I pen it),  
Winchelsea's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate —  
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,  
“*That* for ye all” [snapping his fingers], and exit,  
in a huff!

Disastrous news! — like that, of old, which spread  
From shore to shore, “our mighty Pan is dead,”  
O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)  
Sounds the loud wail, “Our Winchelsea is lost!”

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget  
The deep impression of that awful threat,  
“I quit your house!!” — 'midst all that histories  
tell,

I know but one event that's parallel: —

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,  
When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,  
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,  
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious —  
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,  
Whose “ears polite” disdain'd such low canaillerie,  
Rose in his place — so grand, you'd almost swear  
Lord Winchelsea himself stood towering there —  
And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,  
Said, “Silence, fellows, or — I'll leave the house!!”

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day,  
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!  
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee  
Assert his own two-shilling dignity —  
In vain he menac'd to withdraw the ray  
Of his own full-price countenance away —  
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,  
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the  
gods!



# THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"COME, CLOE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."

*Bishop of London's late Charge.*

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, argent."

*Claudian in Eutrop.*

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,  
For, richer no realm ever gave;  
But why, ye unchristian objectors,  
Do ye ask us how many we crave? \*

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings  
For souls of the Pluralist kind,

- Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter sure never girl gave;  
But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,  
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.\*

Count the cormorants hovering about,†  
At the time their fish season sets in,  
When these models of keen diners-out  
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,  
Flock round when the harvest's in play,  
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,  
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,‡  
On their way to some tithable shore;  
And when *so* many Parsons you've given,  
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye  
Must leave us in peace to augment,  
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,  
With few will be ever content.§

\* For whilst I love thee above measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

† Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,  
Count the flocks, etc.

‡ Go number the stars in the heaven,  
Count how many sands on the shore;  
When so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be craving for more.

§ But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
With few will be ever content,



## A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulburn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?" — *The Times*, March 26.

How sad a case! — just think of it —  
 If Goulburn junior should be bit  
 By some insane Dissenter, roaming  
 Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,  
 And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed  
 Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!  
 God only knows what mischiefs might  
 Result from this one single bite,  
 Or how the venom, once suck'd in,  
 Might spread and rage through kith and kin.  
 Mad folks, of all denominations,  
 First turn upon their own relations:  
 So that *one* Goulburn, fairly bit,  
 Might end in maddening the whole kit,  
 Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue  
 Our Goulburn senior bitten too;  
 The Hychurchphobia in those veins,  
 Where Tory blood now redly reigns; —  
 And that dear man, who now perceives  
 Salvation only in lawn sleeves,  
 Might, tainted by such coarse infection,  
 Run mad in the' opposite direction,



And think, poor man, 'tis only given  
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven !

Just fancy what a shock 't would be  
Our Goulburn in his fits to see,  
Tearing into a thousand particles  
His once-lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles ;  
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,\*  
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook ;)  
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers —  
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers —  
Pelting the church with blasphemies,  
Even worse than Parson Beverley's ; —  
And ripe for severing Church and State,  
Like any creedless reprobate,  
Or like that class of Methodists  
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists !"

But 'tis too much — the Muse turns pale,  
And o'er the picture drops a veil,  
Praying, God save the Goulburns all  
From mad Dissenters, great and small !

\* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

## A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—— *risum teneatis, amici.*

“THE longer one lives, the more one learns,  
 Said I, as off to sleep I went,  
 Bemus’d with thinking of Tithe concerns,  
 And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNs,\*  
 On the Irish Church Establishment.  
 But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,  
 When Fancy her usual tricks began,  
 And I found myself bewitch’d away  
 To a goodly city in Hindostan —  
 A city, where he, who dares to dine  
 On aught but rice, is deem’d a sinner ;  
 Where sheep and kine are held divine,  
 And, accordingly — never drest for dinner.

“But how is this?” I wondering cried —  
 As I walk’d that city, fair and wide,  
 And saw, in every marble street,  
 A row of beautiful butchers’ shops —  
 “What means, for men who don’t eat meat,  
 “This grand display of loins and chops?”  
 In vain I ask’d — ’t was plain to see  
 That nobody dar’d to answer me.

\* An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.

So, on, from street to street I strode ;  
 And you can't conceive how vastly odd  
 The butchers look'd — a roseate crew,  
 Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do ;  
 While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,  
 And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene  
 Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,  
 " And, pray," ask'd I — " by whom is paid  
 The expense of this strange masquerade ? " —  
 " The' expense ! — oh, that's of course defray'd  
 (Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)  
 " By yonder rascally rice-consumers."  
 " What ! *they*, who mustn't eat meat ! " —

" No matter —

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)  
 " The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,  
 " But the rogues must still support *our* shop.  
 " And, depend upon it, the way to treat  
 " Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,  
 " Is to burden all that wo'n't eat meat,  
 " With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said,  
 With a volley of laughter loud I shook ;  
 And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,  
 And I found I was lying snug in bed,  
 With my nose in the Bishop of FERNs' book.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A Letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

*Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828.*

*Private.* — LORD BELZEBUB presents  
 To the Brunswick Club his compliments,  
 And much regrets to say that he  
 Cannot, at present, their Patron be.  
 In stating this, Lord Belzebub  
 Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,  
 That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack  
 Of zeal or fire he thus holds back —  
 As ev'n Lord *Coal*\* himself is not  
 For the Orange party more red-hot:  
 But the truth is, till their Club affords  
 A somewhat decenter show of Lords,  
 And on its list of members gets  
 A few less rubbishy Baronets,  
 Lord Belzebub must beg to be  
 Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,  
 Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?  
 Or who, with a grain of sense, would go  
 To sit and be bored by Lord Mayo?

\* Usually written "Cole."

What living creature — *except his nurse* —  
 For Lord Mountcashell cares a curse,  
 Or thinks 't would matter if Lord Muskerry  
 Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?  
 Breathes there a man in Dublin town,  
 Who'd give but half of half-a-crown  
 To save from drowning my Lord Rathdowne,  
 Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in  
 Lords Roden, Bandon, Cole, and Jocelyn?  
 In short, though, from his tenderest years,  
 Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,  
 Lord Belzebub much questions whether  
 He ever yet saw, mix'd together,  
 As 'twere in one capacious tub,  
 Such a mess of noble silly-bub  
 As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B.  
 Could stoop to such society,  
 Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),  
 For one in his station 'twere *infra dig.*  
 But he begs to propose, in the interim  
 (Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him),  
 His Highness of Cumberland, as *Sub*,  
 To take his place at the Brunswick Club —  
 Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub  
 Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the Royal Duke  
 Resembles so much, in air and look,

The head of the Belzebub family,  
That few can any difference see;  
Which makes of him, of course, the better suit  
To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.



PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

——— "Quas ipse decus sibi dia Camilla  
Delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras."

As Whig Reform has had its range,  
And none of us are yet content,  
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,  
We try a *Female Parliament*;  
And since, of late, with *he* M. P.'s  
We've fared so badly, take to she's —  
Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russells,  
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.  
The plan is startling, I confess —  
But 'tis but an affair of dress;  
Nor see I much there is to choose  
    'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)  
In ribands of all sorts of hues,  
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,  
Whatever other trade advances;

As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,  
 We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances ;  
 Nor let this world's important questions  
 Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,  
 To Weippert's band they may go better ;  
 There's Lady \* \*, in one quadrille,  
 Would settle Europe, if you'd let her :  
 And who the deuce or asks, or cares,  
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,  
 Whether they've *danc'd* through State affairs,  
 Or simply, dully, *din'd* upon 'em ?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats !  
 To them we pledge our free-born votes ;  
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she* —  
 Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"  
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,  
 And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,  
 Her own Olympus will abandon,  
 And help to prop the' Administration,  
 It *can't* have better legs to stand on.  
 The fam'd Macaulay (Miss) shall show,  
 Each evening, forth in learn'd oration ;  
 Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh !")  
 For full returns of population :

And, finally, to crown the whole,  
The Princess Olive,\* Royal soul,  
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,  
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,  
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,  
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE \* \* \*.

Sir,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord Henley has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets,"† etc., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and looe no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert, (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals,) may be heard all over the neighborhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, etc.

P. P.

LORD HENLEY AND ST. CECILIA.

— in Metil descendat Judicis aures. HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord Henley lay,  
Revolving much his own renown,  
And hoping to add thereto a ray,  
By putting duets and anthems down,

\* A personage, so styling herself, who attained considerable notoriety at that period.

† In a work, on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.



Sudden a strain of choral sounds  
 Mellifluous o'er his senses stole ;  
 Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds !"  
 For he loath'd sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight  
 That well might shock so learn'd a snorer —  
 Saint Cecilia, rob'd in light,  
 With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,  
 Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,  
 So begg'd they'd sit — but ah ! poor things,  
 They'd, none of them, got the means of sitting.\*

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of  
 hymns,  
 "And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,  
 "Myself, and my choir of cherubims,  
 "Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified Henley say  
 "T was all a mistake" — "she was misdirected ;"  
 And point to a concert, over the way,  
 Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain — the Saint could see in his looks  
 (She civilly said) much tuneful lore ;  
 So, at once, all open'd their music-books,  
 And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

\* "Asseyez-vous, mes enfans." — "Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

All night duets, terzets, quartets,  
 Nay, long quintets most dire to hear ;  
 Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,  
 And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep — but it wouldn't do ;  
 So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em ;  
 Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,  
 Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,  
 Who meddle with music's sacred strains !  
 Judge Midas tried the same of old,  
 And was punish'd, like Henley, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas !  
 Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne ;  
 For Midas was given the ears of an ass,  
 While Henley is doom'd to keep his own !



ADVERTISEMENT.\*

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,  
 A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd  
 The' inscription, " Courage ! " in letters bright,  
 Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

\* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke,  
 then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir

The metal thereof is rough and hard,  
 And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up with brass;  
 But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,  
 And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

*How* it was lost, God only knows,  
 But certain *City* thieves, they say,  
 Broke in on the owner's evening doze,  
 And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the *Cits* suspect,  
 If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to see,  
 At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,  
 With an ass to keep her company.

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,  
 Is begg'd to state all facts about it,  
 As the owner can't well face his foes,  
 Nor ev'n his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,  
 Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,  
 He shall have a ride on the whitest hack\*  
 That's left in old King George's stable.

Cl—d—s Hunter and other *City* worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

\* Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d—s distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous.



## MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1882.

WHEREAS, Lord \* \* \* \* \* de \* \* \* \* \*  
 Left his home last Saturday,  
 And, though inquir'd for, round and round,  
 Through certain purlieus, can't be found ;  
 And whereas, none can solve our queries  
 As to where this virtuous Peer is,  
 Notice is hereby giv'n, that all  
 May forthwith to inquiring fall,  
 As, once the thing's well set about,  
 No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,  
 Hath been in an uneasy way.  
 Himself and colleagues not being let  
 To climb into the Cabinet,  
 To settle England's state affairs,  
 Hath much, it seems, *unsettled* theirs ;  
 And chief to this stray Plenipo  
 Hath been a most distressing blow.  
 Already, — certain to receive a  
 Well-paid mission to the Neva,  
 And be the bearer of kind words  
 To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords, —  
 To fit himself for free discussion,  
 His Lordship had been learning Russian ;  
 And all so natural to him were  
 The accents of the Northern bear,

That, while his tones were in your ear, you  
 Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.  
 And still, poor Peer, to old and young,  
 He goes on raving in that tongue;  
 Tells you how much you would enjoy a  
 Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya; \*  
 Talks of such places, by the score, on  
 As Oulisffirmchinagoboron, †  
 And swears (for he at nothing sticks)  
 That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks, ‡  
 Though *one* such Nick, God knows, must be  
 A more than ample quantity.

Such are the marks by which to know  
 This stray'd or stolen Plenipo;  
 And whosoever brings or sends  
 The unhappy statesman to his friends,  
 On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,  
 And — any paper but the Bank's.

P. S. — Some think, the disappearance  
 Of this our diplomatic Peer hence  
 Is for the purpose of reviewing,  
*In person*, what dear Mig is doing

\* In the Government of Perm.

† Territory belonging to the mines of Kolivano-Kosskressense.

‡ The name of a religious sect in Russia. "Il existe en Russie plusieurs sectes; la plus nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vrai croyants." — GAMBA, *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale*.

So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters  
'Bout Beresford, and such abettors, —  
The only "wretches" for whose aid \*  
Letters seem *not* to have been made.



THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;  
OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.†

A DREAM.

1833.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules* ‡ for no other reason than that they led off these dances." — *Cyclopædia*, art. *Dances*.

I'VE had such a dream — a frightful dream —  
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,  
By all who regard the Church, like us,  
'T will be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night —  
Which (being insured) is my delight —  
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to  
The singular fact which forms my motto.  
Only think, thought I, as I doz'd away,  
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay!

\* "Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid."

POPE.

† Written on the passing of the memorable Bill, in the year year 1833, for the abolition of ten Irish Bishoprics.

‡ Literally, First Dancers.

Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,  
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball !  
 Scarce had my eyelids time to close,  
 When the scene I had fancied before me rose —  
 An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand  
 As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.  
 For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees  
 To make it a Dance of Dignities,  
 And I saw — oh brightest of Church events !  
 A quadrille of the two Establishments,  
 Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,  
 Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,  
 And Cork with London making merry ;  
 While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,  
 Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.  
 There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,  
 Performing a *chaine des Dames* in style ;  
 While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,  
 Can waken them up by citing Moses,\*  
 The portly Tuam, was all in a hurry  
 To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,  
 (All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)

\* "And what does Moses say?" — One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Our Exeter stood forth to caper,  
 As high on the floor as he doth on paper —  
 Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,  
 Who pirouettes his whole church-service —  
 Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,  
 Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,  
 Such *balonnés*, \* such — *rigmaroles*,  
 Now high, now low, now this, now that,  
 That none could guess what the dev'l he'd be at;  
 Though, watching his various steps, some thought  
 That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,  
 These rev'rend dancers frisk'd away,  
 Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he  
 Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,  
 There gather'd a gloom around their glee —  
 A shadow, which came and went so fast,  
 That ere one could say " 'Tis there," 't was past —  
 And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,  
 Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!  
 Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept  
 From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,  
 While twelve was all that footed it still,  
 On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

\* A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line: "Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur un pied, et se rejeter sur l'autre." — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. *Contre-temps*.



Nor this the worst: — still danc'd they on,  
 But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone;  
 And again, from time to time, the same  
 Ill-omened darkness round them came —  
 While still, as the light broke out anew,  
 Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;  
 Till ah! at last there were only found  
 Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;  
 And when I awoke, impatient getting,  
 I left the last holy pair *poussetting*!

N. B. — As ladies in years, it seems,  
 Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,  
 I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends  
 Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.



DICK \* \* \* \* \*

A CHARACTER.

OF various scraps and fragments built,  
 Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,  
 Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,  
 Made up of new, old, motley bits —  
 Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,  
 If petticoats their quota got,  
 And gowns were all refunded theirs,  
 The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,  
 Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,  
 For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,  
 'Twas others we heard speak through Dick.  
 A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,  
 Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats ;  
 One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,  
 The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick ! — and how else could it be ?  
 With notions all at random caught,  
 A sort of mental fricassee,  
 Made up of legs and wings of thought —  
 The leavings of the last Debate, or  
 A dinner, yesterday, of wits,  
 Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,  
 Had the scraps for perquisites.



# A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto  
 that saint."

1834.

ST. SINCLAIR rose and declar'd in sooth,  
 That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.  
 He had hated priests the whole of his life,  
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,\*

\* "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy

And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,  
 The Church was his father, sister, and brother.  
 This being the case, he was sorry to say,  
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,\*  
 So deep and wide, scarce possible was it  
 To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:  
 And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,  
 Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,  
 'Twas a jump that nought on earth could make  
 Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.  
 No, no, — if a Dance of Sects *must* be,  
 He would set to the Baptist willingly,†  
 At the Independent deign to smirk,  
 And rigadon with old Mother Kirk;  
 Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,  
 He'd take hands round with all the three;  
 But, as to a jig with Popery, no, —  
 To the harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. Mandeville was the next that rose, —  
 A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,

*bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother.*" — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College. *The Times*, April 19.

\* "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible," etc.

† "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," etc.

With his pack of piety and prose,  
 Heavy and hot enough, God knows, —  
 And he said that Papists were much inclin'd  
 To extirpate all of Protestant kind,  
 Which he could n't, in truth, so much condemn,  
 Having rather a wish to extirpate *them* ;  
 That is, — to guard against mistake, —  
 To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake ;  
 A distinction Churchmen always make, —  
 Insomuch that, when they've prime control,  
 Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,  
 They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. Johnston jollily forth,  
 The spiritual Dogberry of the North,\*  
 A right "wise fellow, and, what's more,  
 An officer," † like his type of yore ;  
 And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,  
 Pray, what's the use of our Reformation ? ‡  
 What is the use of our Church and State ?  
 Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate ?

\* "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland, (cries of hear, and laughter,) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money ?" etc.

† "I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer." *Much Ado about Nothing*.

‡ "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation ? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland ?" etc.

And, still as he yell'd out "what's the use?"  
 Old Echoes, from their cells recluse  
 Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose,  
 Yelling responsive, "*What's the use?*"



### MORAL POSITIONS.

#### A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long," etc.—Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration  
 (A treat that comes once a-year as May-day does),  
 I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation!  
 A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,  
 Packing the article tidy and neat; —  
 As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes  
 "Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was Bathurst arranging the custom-house  
 pass;  
 And, to guard the frail package from tousing and  
 routing,

There stood my Lord Eldon, endorsing it "Glass,"  
 Though as to which side should lie uppermost,  
 doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold;  
 The winds were polite, and the moon look'd ro-  
 mantic, [roll'd,  
 While off in the good ship "The Truth" we were  
 With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made;  
 For "The Truth," at all times but a very slow  
 sailer,  
 By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,  
 And few come aboard her, though so many hail  
 her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "tare and  
 tret,"  
 Deliver'd my goods in the primeest condition,  
 And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,  
 "Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new moral posi-  
 tion.

"The Captain" — here, startled to find myself nam'd  
 As "the Captain" — (a thing which, I own it  
 with pain,  
 I through life have avoided,) I woke — look'd  
 asham'd,  
 Found I *wasn't* a captain, and doz'd off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

1832-3.

"Mutantem regna cometam."      LUCAN.\*

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,  
 "Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,  
 "We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail; —  
 "Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

"No — 'tis coming, 'tis coming, th' avenger is nigh;  
 "Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath  
 flatters;

"One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,  
 "Will settle, at once, all political matters; —

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five  
 Powers,

"(Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole Pro-  
 tocols; — †

\* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great  
 changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the  
 former: —

"With fear of change  
 Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quæ sceptra cometæ."

† See, for some of these Protocols, the Annual Register, for  
 the year 1832.

“Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours  
 “Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy’s what-  
 d’ ye-calls!

“Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should  
 mock,  
 “Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle!  
 “While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock  
 “That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp,  
 and Russell.”

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as with telescope rais’d,  
 His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;  
 And, though nothing destructive appear’d as he  
 gaz’d,  
 Much hop’d that there *would*, before Parliament  
 met.

And still, as odd shapes seem’d to flit through his  
 glass,  
 “Ha! there it is now,” the poor maniac cries;  
 While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas!  
 From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

“Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!  
 “Whether Bucky\* or Taurus I cannot well say:—  
 “And, yonder, there’s Eldon’s old Chancery-wig,  
 “In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

\* The Duke of Buckingham.



"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,  
 " Londonderry, *in vacuo*, flaring about ; —  
 " While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,  
 " Is the Gemini, Roden and Lorton, no doubt.

" Ah, Ellenb'rough ! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the  
 Comet ;  
 " So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale ;  
 " The head with the same ' horrid hair ' \* coming  
 from it,  
 " And plenty of vapour, but — where is the tail ? "

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated —  
 For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,  
 Which he took to be Cumberland, *upwards* trans-  
 lated,  
 Instead of his natural course, *t'other* road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —  
 Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,  
 Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken,  
 And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

" And from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war."

FROM THE HON. HENRY ———, TO LADY  
EMMA ———.

*Paris, March 30, 1832.*

YOU bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,  
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell ;  
And the truth is, — as truth you *will* have, my sweet  
railer, —

There are two worthy persons I always feel loth  
To take leave of at starting, — my mistress and  
tailor, —

As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both ;  
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,

She calling on Heaven, and he on the' attorney, —  
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,

A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his  
journey.

But, to come to the point, — though you think, I  
dare say,

That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,  
'Pon honour you're wrong ; — such a mere bagatelle

As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears ;

And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,

To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers ; \*

\* A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.

This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,  
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;  
This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of 'em, badly,  
And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,  
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;  
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,  
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —  
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,  
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!  
The prospect's quite frightful, and 'what Sir George  
Rose

(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,  
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,  
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to  
do;

And Sir George even doubts, — could he choose his  
disorder, —

'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.  
This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,  
'Twere best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma;  
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,

To've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,  
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from  
Milan

I'll send you — some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B. — Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,  
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without —



Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,  
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.  
 Small presents for ladies, — and nothing so wheedles  
 The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles.  
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd  
 To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps,  
 doesn't;

With some little book about heathen mythology,  
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology;  
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as  
 Not knowing the diff'rence 'twixt Virgins and Floras.  
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,  
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.



### TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"COLLEGE. — We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

*Dublin Evening Post*, Dec. 20, 1882.

AY, yoke ye to the bigots' car,  
 Ye chos'n of Alma Mater's scions; —  
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,  
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,  
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,  
 Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus classical Lefroy, for once, is,  
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,  
 He harnesses young sucking dunces,  
 To draw him, as their Chief, about,  
 And let the world a picture see  
 Of Dulness yok'd to Bigotry :  
 Showing us how young College hacks  
 Can pace with bigots at their backs,  
 As though the cubs were *born* to draw  
 Such luggage as Lefroy and Shaw.  
 Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,  
 Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,  
 This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,  
 As aliens to her foggy shore ; — \*  
 Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,  
 Whose very name her shame recalls ;  
 Whose effigy her bigot crew  
 Revers'd upon their monkish walls, — †  
 Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)  
 To your mute Mother's dull renown,  
 Then famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,  
 And Eloquence *turn'd upside down* ;  
 But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,  
 Beyond all fame of former days,

\* See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

† In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

By breaking thus young donkies in  
 To draw M. P.s, amid the brays  
 Alike of donkies and M. A.s ; —  
 Defying Oxford to surpass 'em  
 In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."



TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

*Scripta manet.*

1888.

"TWAS graved on the Stone of Destiny,\*  
 In letters four, and letters three ;  
 And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by  
 But those awful letters scar'd his eye ;  
 For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,  
 "As long as those words by man were read,  
 "The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er  
 "One hour of peace or plenty share."  
 But years on years successive flew,  
 And the letters still more legible grew, —  
 At top, a T, an H, an E,  
 And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, — such as Jews,  
 More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use ;

\* Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny, — for which see Westminster Abbey.

While some surmis'd 't was an ancient way  
 Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day  
 Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,  
 Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)  
 And prov'd in books most learn'dly boring,  
 'T was called the *Pontick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet  
 Seven letters of the alphabet,  
 That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,  
 Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,  
 As did this awful riddle-me-ree  
 Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! — it is struggling Freedom's cry;  
 "Help, help, ye nations, or I die;  
 "'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field  
 "Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd."  
 The Gull-King hears the awakening call,  
 He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,  
 And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we  
 "Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,  
 "Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"  
 And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air! —  
 But, — why do they rest suspended there?  
 What sudden blight, what baleful charm,  
 Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?

Alas! some withering hand hath thrown  
 The veil from off that fatal stone,  
 And pointing now, with sapless finger,  
 Showeth where dark those letters linger, —  
 Letters four, and letters three,  
 T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand  
 Powerless falls from every hand;  
 In vain the Patriot knits his brow, —  
 Even talk, his staple, fails him now.  
 In vain the King like a hero treads,  
 His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;  
 And to all his talk of "brave and free,"  
 No answer getteth His Majesty  
 But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short, the whole Gull nation feels  
 They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels;  
 And so, in the face of the laughing world,  
 Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,  
 Adjourning all their dreams sublime  
 Of glory and war to — some other time.



NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass  
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,  
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!  
It has caused between Wetherel's waistcoat and  
breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity  
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;  
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such im-  
mensity,  
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,  
Ye Atwoods and Wynns, ere the moment is past;  
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,  
When the ties that should hold men are loosening  
so fast?

*Make* Wetherel yield to "some sort of Reform"  
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry  
faces);  
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm  
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Should those he now sports have been long in pos-  
session,

And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,  
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession  
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,  
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and  
Lockit's,  
While still, to inspire him, his deeply thrust hands  
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets —

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and  
through cough,  
To the speeches inspir'd by this music of pence, —  
But must grieve that there's any thing like *falling off*  
In that great nether source of his wit and his  
sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace  
debonair,  
He began first to court — rather late in the  
season —  
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair  
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of  
Reason; \*

\* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself  
boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in  
the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted  
 All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love ;  
 Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,  
 As Wetherel's rants, ever since, go to prove ; \*

*Who*, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his  
 graces  
 Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,  
 The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,  
 Till, some day, — he'll all fall to pieces at last.



#### TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,  
 To labour still, with zeal devout,  
 To get the Outs, poor devils, in,  
 And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft  
 Of ways and means of ruling ill,  
 To make the most of what are left,  
 And stick to all that's rotten still.

\* Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar: —

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora  
 Effluit . . . . .  
 tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,  
 And drones no more take all the honey,  
 I pledge myself to cram myself  
 With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse  
 My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,  
 Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse  
 How much 'tis at the' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right  
 And Might on any point divide,  
 Not to ask which is black or white,  
 But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,  
 I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers :—  
 I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—  
 Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor  
 I've not the slightest hesitation,—  
 The People *must* be starv'd, t' insure  
 The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more  
 With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or shamm'd,—  
 I vote her grievances a *bore*,  
 So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,  
 We still have plenty of red coats,  
 To cram the Church, that general bolus,  
 Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet, —  
 Think newspapers the worst of crimes ;  
 And would, to give some chance of quiet,  
 Hang all the writers of The Times ;

Break all their correspondents' bones,  
 All authors of " Reply," " Rejoinder,"  
 From the Anti-Tory, Colonel Jones,  
 To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. Poynder.

Such are the Pledges I propose ;  
 And though I can't now offer gold,  
 There's many a way of buying those  
 Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,  
 A toast, of which you'll not complain, —  
 " Long life to jobbing ; may the days  
 " Of Peculation shine again ! "

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,  
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,  
"I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,  
"And shall now take a trip to earth, to see  
"How far they agree, in their lives and ways,  
"With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd — but learn'd without misgivings —  
Their love for good living, and eke good livings;  
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)  
That good *living* means claret and fricassees,  
While its plural means simply — pluralities.  
"From all I hear," said the innocent man,  
"They are quite on the good old primitive plan.  
"For wealth and pomp they little can care,  
"As they all say '*No*' to the' Episcopal chair;  
"And their vestal virtue it well denotes  
"That they all, good men, wear petticoats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,  
And knocks at the' Archbishop of Canterbury's.  
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,  
Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?"  
"His Grace!" quoth Jerome — for posed was he,  
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;

Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,  
 Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular* — \*  
 In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,  
 The' exact description of Grace to find,  
 Which thus could represented be  
 By a footman in full livery.  
 At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,  
 (For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke) †  
 And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,  
 The costly palace from roof to base —  
 “ Well, it is n't, at least, a *saving* Grace ! ”  
 “ Umph ! ” said the lackey, a man of few words,  
 “ Th' Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords.”  
 “ To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,  
 “ For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one ;  
 “ Unless such many-*fold* priests as these  
 “ Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities ! ” ‡  
 “ No time for gab,” quoth the man in lace :  
 Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,  
 With a curse to the single knockers all,  
 Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,  
 And propose a toast (humanely meant  
 To include even Curates in its extent)  
 “ To all as *serves* the' Establishment.”

\* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.

† Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

‡ The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not : and now they *lord* and preach not. . . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth ; there is no work done, the people starve." — *Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"ONCE more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see  
How the Church goes on," — and off set he.  
Just then the packet-boat, which trades  
Betwixt our planet and the shades,  
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,  
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?" —  
For he saw, when nearer he explor'd,  
They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.  
"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,  
"Once worn by nobs Episcopal.\*  
"For folks on earth, who've got a store  
"Of cast off things they'll want no more,  
"Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,  
"To a certain Gentleman here below.

"A sign of the times I plainly see,"  
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he  
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

\* The wig, which had so long formed an essential part of the dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dispensed with.



Arriv'd on earth, quoth he, "No more  
 "I'll affect a body, as before;  
 "For I think I'd best, in the company  
 "Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,  
 "And glide, unseen, from See to See."  
 But oh! to tell what scenes he saw, —  
 It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.  
 For instance, he found Exeter,  
 Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir, —  
 For love of God? for sake of King?  
 For good of people? — no such thing;  
 But to get for himself, by some new trick,  
 A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van Mildert,  
 Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;  
 Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,\*  
 Because the rogues showed restlessness  
 At having too little cash to touch,  
 While he so Christianly bears too much.  
 He found old Sarum's wits as gone  
 As his own beloved text in John, — †  
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,  
 That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,  
 His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

\* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

† 1 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"  
 Said the weary Saint, — "I must away.  
 "Though I own I should like, before I go,  
 "To see for once (as I'm ask'd below  
 "If really such odd sights exist)  
 "A regular six-fold Pluralist."  
 Just then he heard a general cry —  
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"  
 "Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"  
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,  
 At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,  
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.  
 But, — talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!\*  
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.  
 "Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?" —  
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon." —  
 "No, no, — you're out, by many a mile,  
 "He's away at his Deanery in Carlisle." —  
 "Pardon me, sir; but I understand  
 "He's gone to his living in Cumberland." —  
 "God bless me, no, — he can't be there;  
 "You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquir'd,  
 From living to living, mock'd and tir'd; —  
 'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson there,  
 'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;

\* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man  
 could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,  
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,  
To astonish the natives under ground  
With the comical things he on earth had found.



# THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS.

(VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FÊTE.\*)

1832.

WHAT a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devis'd  
"Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's noses!  
And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd  
To find themselves seated like "Love among  
roses!"

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,  
Clear the air of that other still viler infection;  
That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,  
Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto da Fé  
Of a few good combustible Lords of "the Club;"  
They would fume, in a trice, the Whig chol'ra away,  
And there's Bucky would burn like a barrel of  
bub.

\* The Marquis of Hertford's Fête. — From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.



How Roden would blaze! and what rubbish throw  
out!

A volcano of nonsense, in active display;  
While Vane, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout  
The hot nothings he's full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there's Cumberland's Duke,—  
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air!  
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his look)  
He's already bespoke for combustion elsewhere.



THE CONSULTATION.\*

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

*The Critic.*

1838.

*Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the  
floor between them.*

*Dr. Whig.*—THIS wild Irish patient *does* pester  
me so,

That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know.

I've *promis'd* him anodynes——

*Dr. Tory.*

Anodynes!—Stuff.

Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil  
enough.

That's *my* mode of practice.

\* These verses, as well as some others, that follow, (p. 226)  
were extorted from me by that lamentable measure of the Whig  
ministry, the Irish Coercion Act.

*Dr. Whig.* True, quite in *your* line,  
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.  
'Tis so painful —

*Dr. Tory.* — Pooh, nonsense — ask Ude how he  
feels,  
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,  
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,  
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.  
*He*, too, says "'tis painful" — "quite makes his  
heart bleed" —

But "Your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed." —  
He would fain use them gently, but Cook'ry says  
"No," [so.\*

And — in short — eels were *born* to be treated just  
'Tis the same with these Irish, — who're odder fish  
still, —

Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill ;  
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,  
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes ; —  
But, in fact, my dear brother, — if I may make bold  
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old, —  
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,  
And, indifferent like him, — so the fish is *but* stew'd, —  
*Must* torture live Pats for the general good.

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*

\* This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it is the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

*Dr. Whig.* — But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse,  
That he *wo' n't* be thus tortur'd?

*Dr. Tory.* Coerce, sir, coerce.  
You're a juv'nile performer, but once you begin,  
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :  
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take  
to the shelf, [pelf,  
With the comforting thought that, in place and in  
He's succeeded by one just as — bad as himself?

*Dr. Whig (looking flattered).* — Why, to tell you the  
truth, I've a small matter here,  
Which you help'd me to make for my patient last  
year, —

[ *Goes to a cupboard and brings out a  
strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,  
That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

*Dr. Tory (embracing him).* — Oh, charming! —  
My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.  
Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*  
Give me leave — I've some practice in these mad  
machines ;  
There — tighter — the gag in the mouth, by all  
means.  
Delightful! — all's snug — not a squeak need you  
fear, —

You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*

TO THE REV. CHARLES OVERTON,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH.\*

1833.

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,  
 By critics Episcopal, David the Second,†  
 If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,  
 Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!  
 Once fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"  
 (Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,  
 Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,  
 The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,  
 There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,  
 So *be-nined* and *be-tenth'd*, couldn't easily do.  
 Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian‡ they  
     say,  
 While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,  
 Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell  
 Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards  
     fell.  
 Just so round our Overton's cradle, no doubt,  
 Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about ;

\* See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.

† "Your Lordship," says Mr. Overton, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*'"

‡ Sophocles.

Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,  
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,  
And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,  
Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,  
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er  
Thy etherealiz'd limbs, stealing downily on,  
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a  
swan,\*

Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,  
Without any effort of fancy, at all;  
Little thought'st thou the world would in Overton  
find

A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,  
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,  
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

\* — album mutur in alitem  
Supernè: nascunturque læves  
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.



SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED  
"MATRICULATION." \*

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Phillpotts.]

*Doctor P.* — THERE, my lad, lie the Articles — (*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine —

No occasion to count — you've now only to sign.  
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church  
than we,

The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.  
Let's run o'er the items; — there's Justification,  
Predestination, and Supererogation, —

Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,  
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.  
That's sufficient — now, sign — having read quite  
enough,

You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"  
(*Boy stares.*)

\* "It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-Nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what is now above his comprehension; that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs; and that he is (or, *ought* to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the subject, to withdraw his provisional assent." — *Edinburgh Review*, No. 120.

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth  
and brief, —

A commodious and short make-believe of belief,  
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus  
articular,

To keep out, in general, all who're particular.  
But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,  
And my luncheon fast cooling! — this never will do.  
*Boy (poring over the Articles)*. — Here are points  
which — pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of  
Congruity?"

*Doctor P. (sharply)*. — You'll find out, young sir,  
when you've more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,  
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.

Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan, —  
First, swallow all down, then digest — as we can.

*Boy (still reading)*. — I've to gulp, I see, St.  
Athanasius's Creed,

Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;  
As he damns —

*Doctor P. (aside)*. — Ay, and so would I, will-  
ingly, too,

All confounded particular young boobies, like you.  
This comes of Reforming! — all's o'er with our land,  
When people wo'n't stand what they can't *understand*;  
Nor perceive that our ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine  
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.

[*Exit Dr. P. in a passion.*]

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

1838.

"The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell, August 6.*

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,  
Do you take one pig in every ten,  
But for Holy Church's future heirs,  
Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—  
The law supposing that such heirs male  
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.  
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest  
His "well-belov'd" of their pennies fleec'd:  
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,  
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,  
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,  
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.  
He heareth their voices, ages hence,  
Saying "Take the pig"—"oh take the pence;"  
The cries of little Vicarial dears,  
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;  
And, did he resist that soft appeal,  
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, Lundy of Lackington!  
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,

Who, for sake of the Lundies of coming ages,  
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.\*  
 'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes  
 The claim'd "obvention" † of four-pence goes ;  
 But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,  
 Spreads to 'all future Rector-kind,  
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,  
 And rather to face the block, the stake,  
 Than give up their darling right *to take*.  
 One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes  
 (So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,  
 And a single four-pence, pocketed well,  
 Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.  
 Then still continue, ye reverend souls,  
 And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,  
 Grasp every penny on every side,  
 From every wretch, to swell its tide :  
 Remembering still what the Law lays down,  
 In that pure poetic style of its own,  
 "If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he  
 "Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

\* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. Lundy, Rector of —, etc. etc. — *The Times*, August, 1833.

† One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, etc. are comprised.

## FOOLS' PARADISE.

## DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,  
 To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,  
 Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,  
 And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.  
 But they want it not in this happy place,  
 Where a light of its own gilds every face;  
 Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,  
 'Tis the *wish* to look wise, — not knowing *how*.  
 Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,  
 The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;  
 The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,  
 The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,  
 The falling founts in a titter fall,  
 And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace  
 The scenes I saw in that joyous place.  
 There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,  
 In converse sweet, "What charming weather! —  
 "You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,  
 "Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;  
 "And the Premier says, my youngest brother  
 "(Him in the Guards) shall have another.  
 "Isn't this very, *very* gallant! —  
 "As for my poor old virgin aunt,

"Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,  
 "We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."  
 Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;  
 It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,  
 Where all who liked might have a slice,  
 So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,  
 Was a puppet-show, called Parliament  
 Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,  
 As large as life, who rose to prose,  
 While, hid behind them, lords and squires,  
 Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;  
 And thought it the very best device  
 Of that most prosperous Paradise,  
 To make the vulgar pay through the nose  
 For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw  
 In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;  
 Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk  
 As those who had the *best* of the joke.  
 There were Irish Rectors, such as resort  
 To Cheltenham yearly, to drink — port,  
 And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,  
 May her cure of souls be a sinecure,  
 And a score of Parsons to every soul  
 A mod'rate allowance on the whole."  
 There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,  
 From which the sense had all run out,

Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,  
 Till nothing was left but *quantities* ;  
 Which made them heads most fit to be  
 Stuck up on a University,  
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,  
 Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,  
 In this happiest possible Paradise.  
 But plain it was to see, alas !  
 That a downfall soon must come to pass.  
 For grief is a lot the good and wise  
 Don't quite so much monopolize,  
 But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)  
 Even blessed fools must have their share.  
 And so it happen'd : — but what befell,  
 In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE,

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour."—*Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced — the bill drawn out, —  
The debit and credit all right, no doubt —  
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,  
Owes to his Curate six pound eight;  
The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,  
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,  
Which maketh the balance clearly due  
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!  
But sure to be all set right in heaven,  
Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,  
And the balance settled the other way:  
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum  
Will back to his shade with interest come;  
And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue  
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.



PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.\*

1833.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
That plan was commenced which the wise now  
applaud,  
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,  
Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so  
romantic ;  
And such the success the first colony met,  
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,  
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might  
greet,  
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again  
meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there  
came —

“ Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet  
boy ? ”

\* I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib,  
as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act  
of my friends, the Whigs.

While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be? — half amazement — half doubt,  
Pat listens again — rubs his eyes and looks steady;  
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,  
“Good Lord! only think, — black and curly  
already!”

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,  
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed  
figures,  
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

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MORAL.

'Tis thus, — but alas! by a marvel more true  
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories, —  
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them “strong measures”  
advise,  
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get  
steady,  
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,  
“Good Lord! only think, — black and curly  
already!”

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1838.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,  
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.  
Though famed for his rules *Aristotle* may be,  
In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,  
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*" \* for me !

For instance, while others discuss and debate,  
It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate.

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,  
'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,  
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)  
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred, —  
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,  
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures, —  
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls  
One million and five hundred thousands of souls.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're told,  
*Half* a million includes the whole Protestant fold ;  
If, therefore, for *three* million souls, 'tis conceded  
*Two* proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,

\* The *total*, — so pronounced by this industrious senator.

'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,  
*One third* of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.  
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,  
 The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T;  
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,  
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

Nay, if — as St. Roden complains is the case —  
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,  
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,  
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.  
 But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,  
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,  
 We've a small, fractionous prelate whom well we  
     could spare,  
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;  
 And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,  
 We'll let her have Exeter, *sole*,\* as her Church.



## LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons." — *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet  
 With Parsons that don't want to eat,  
 Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,  
 Which soon will have but scant refectories,

\* Corporation sole.

It has been suggested, — lest that Church  
 Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,  
 For want of reverend men endued  
 With this gift of ne'er requiring food, —  
 To try, by way of experiment, whether  
 There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,  
 (Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)  
 Jointed figures, not *lay*,† but clerical,  
 Which, wound up carefully once a week,  
 Might just like parsons look and speak,  
 Nay even, if requisite, reason too,  
 As well as most Irish parsons do.

The' experiment having succeeded quite,  
 (Whereat those Lords must much delight,  
 Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,  
 They think it isn't for her spiritual good  
 To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood,)  
 The Patentees of this new invention  
 Beg leave respectfully to mention,  
 They now are enabled to produce  
 An ample supply, for present use,  
 Of these reverend pieces of machinery,  
 Ready for vicarage, rect'ry, deanery,  
 Or any such-like post of skill  
 That wood and leather are fit to fill.

\* The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

† The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "*lay figures*."

N. B. — In places addicted to arson,  
 We can't recommend a wooden parson :  
 But, if the Church any such appoints,  
 They'd better, at least, have iron joints.  
 In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,  
 A figure to *look at*'s all that's wanted —  
 A block in black, to eat and sleep,  
 Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P. S. — Should the Lords, by way of a treat,  
 Permit the clergy again to eat,  
 The Church will, of course, no longer need  
 Imitation-parsons that never feed ;  
 And these *wood* creatures of ours will sell  
 For secular purposes just as well —  
 Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,  
 May, 'stead of beating their own about,  
 Be knocking the brains of Papists out ;  
 While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,  
 Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

# HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A  
LATE HERALDIC WORK.\*

1834.

CHOOSE some title that's dormant — the Peerage  
hath many —

Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.  
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,  
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,  
To the daughter of somebody, — no matter who, —  
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do ;  
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,  
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well ?  
Thus having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,  
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen ;  
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son  
of 'em,  
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one  
of 'em.

Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,  
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,  
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,  
One *grand* rule of enterprise, — *do n't* be particular.

\* The claim to the barony of Chandos (if I recollect right)  
advanced by the late Sir Egerton Brydges.

A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,  
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,\*  
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,  
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things ;  
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,  
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out ;  
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles  
                  bloods,  
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways — when folks are resolv'd to be  
lords —

Of expurg'g ev'n troublesome parish records.  
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir  
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,  
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,  
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.  
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears  
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and  
peers, [the hands  
But they're nought to that weapon which shines in  
Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands  
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,  
And sweeps at each cut generations away.  
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?  
One snip, — and the urchin hath *never* existed!

\* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." — *Watts's Logic.*



Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere

With his one sublime object of being a Peer?

Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and  
bride, —

No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,  
Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.  
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,  
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,  
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,  
And — *who* knows but you'll be Lord Baron of  
Shamdos?



#### THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

*Air.* — "A master I have, and I am his man,  
Gallop'ing dreary dun."

*Castle of Andalusia.*

THE Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,  
Gallop'ing, dreary duke;  
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,  
He's an ogre to meet, and the devil to pass,  
With his charger prancing,  
Grim eye glancing,  
Chin, like a Mufti,  
Grizzled and tufty,  
Gallop'ing, dreary Duke.



Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood  
 Of this galloping dreary Duke ;  
 Avoid him, all who see no good  
 In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.  
     For, surely, no nymph is  
     Fond of a grim phiz,  
     And of the married,  
     Whole crowds have miscarried  
 At sight of this dreary Duke.



# EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE SHADES.

Southampton.

As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I  
 started  
 By rail-road, for earth, having vowed, ere we parted,  
 To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,  
 Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,  
 And how deucedly odd this live world all appears,  
 To a man who's been dead now for three hundred  
 years,  
 I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,  
 Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your  
 mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,  
 Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should  
 burst,

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.\*

1838.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,  
 That plan was commenced which the wise now  
 applaud,  
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,  
 As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,  
 Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so  
 romantic;  
 And such the success the first colony met,  
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,  
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might  
 greet,  
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again  
 meet.

And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there  
 came —  
 "Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet  
 boy?"

\* I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib,  
 as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act  
 of my friends, the Whigs.

London.

'Tis all but too true — grim Idolatry reigns,  
 In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!  
 On arriving just now, as my first thought and care  
 Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of  
 Prayer,

Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,  
 I was shown to — what think you? — a downright  
 Pantheon!

A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls,\*  
 Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St.  
 Paul's; —

Though 'tis clearly the place where the idolatrous  
 crew,

Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites  
 pursue;

And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Abr'ham's father  
 carv'd out,†

That he ever carv'd *stranger* than these I much  
 doubt.

Were it ev'n, my dear TULLY, your Hebes and  
 Graces,

And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints'  
 places,

I should n't much mind, — for, in this classic dome,  
 Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.

\* See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Poynder.

† Joshua, xxiv. 2.

But the gods they've got here! — such a queer omnium gatherum

Of misbegot things, that no poet would father 'em ; —  
 Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the skies, —  
 Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise, —

[said,  
 Father Nile, too, — a portrait, (in spite of what's  
 That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his *head*),\*  
 And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat  
 fat for't, [for't ; —

Unless 'twas some full-grown Director had sat  
 Not to mention the *et cæteras* of Genii and Sphinxes,  
 Fame, Vict'ry, and other such semi-clad minxes ; —  
 Sea Captains,† — the idols here most idolized ;  
 And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprized  
 Among ready-made Saints, as they died *cannon-*  
 ized ; —

With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities,  
 Shrined in such pomp that quite shocking to see it 'tis ;  
 Nor know I what better the Rector could do  
 Than to shrine there his own belov'd quadruped too ;  
 As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is  
 A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is.

But I'm call'd off to dinner — grace just has been  
 said,  
 And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.

—— “Nec contigit ulli  
 Hoc vidisse caput.”

CLAUDIAN.

† Captains Mosée, Riou, etc. etc.

LINES \*

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS CASTLEREAGH AND STEWART  
FOR THE CONTINENT.

*At Paris † et Frates, et qui rapuere sub illis  
Vix tenuere manus (scilicet hoc, Menelas) nefandas.*  
OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom — go, bright pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their  
pinions !

The *one*, the best lover we have — *of his years*,  
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's do-  
minions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile  
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that  
prize thee ;  
Forget Mrs. Angelo Taylor awhile,  
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,  
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart  
thee,  
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough  
To translate " Amor Fortis " a love, *about forty* !

\* This and the following squib, which must have been written  
about the year 1816-18, have been by some oversight misplaced.

† Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was " at Paris " these  
rapacious transactions took place — we should read " at Vienna."

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,  
 From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd  
 earn'd in't,  
 That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "my *stars*!"  
 And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way  
 concern'd in't.

For not the great Regent himself has endur'd  
 (Though I've seen him with badges and orders all  
 shine,  
 Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)  
 A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,  
 Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,  
 As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,  
 The *stars*\* are in fault, my Lord Stewart, not  
 they!

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,  
 Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips  
 Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and  
 "glories," [slips.  
 And "*nullidge*," † and "features," like syllabub

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation  
 Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,

\* "When weak women go astray,  
 The stars are more in fault than they."

† It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge"  
 —deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the  
 Latin, "*nullus*."

Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,  
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks  
metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with  
their pinions!

The one, the best lover we have — *of his years*,  
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's do-  
minions.



# TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD CASTLEREAGH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

*Imitated from Horace, lib. 1. ode 8.*

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail,\*  
And Canning's too, and *lucid* Bragge's,  
And Eldon beg a favouring gale  
From Eolus, that *older* Bags,†  
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,  
Oh ship, that bear'st our Castlereagh,‡

\* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,  
Ventorumque regat pater.

† See a description of the *ασκοι*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the  
Odyssey, lib. 10.

‡ Navis, quæ tibi creditum  
Debes Virgilium.



Our gracious Regent's better half\*  
 And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —  
 (As Van, or any other calf,  
 May find, without much figuring).  
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,  
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,  
 Any where his Lordship pleases,  
 Though 't were to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his,†  
 Who first at Congress show'd his phiz —  
 To sign away the Rights of Man  
 To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;  
 And leave the sinking African ‡  
 To fall without one saving struggle —  
 'Mong ministers from North and South,  
 To show his lack of shame and sense,  
 And hoist the Sign of " Bull and Mouth " —  
 For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home §  
 To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,

\* — Animæ dimidium mææ.

† Illi robur et æs triplex.  
 Circa pectus erat, qui, etc.

‡ ——— præcipitem Africum  
 Decertantem Aquilonibus.

§ Nequicquam Deus abscidit  
 Prudens oceano dissociabili  
 Terras si tamen impiæ  
 Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam  
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case —  
For matchless impudence of face,  
There's nothing like your Tory race! \*  
First, Pitt,† the chos'n of England, taught her  
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.  
Then came the Doctor,‡ for our ease,  
With Eldons, Chatham, Hawksburies,  
And other deadly maladies.  
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,  
Necessity brought in the Whigs: §  
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,  
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,  
Illustrious TEMPLE flew away  
With *lots of pens* he had no right to! ||

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

- \* Audax omnia perpeti  
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.
- † Audax Japeti genus  
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
- ‡ Post —————  
———— macies, et nova februm  
Terris incubuit cohors.
- § ————— tarda necessitas  
Lethi corripuit gradum.
- || Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra  
*Pennis non homini datis.*

This alludes to the 1200*l.* worth of stationery which his Lordship is said to have ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place.

In short what *will* not mortal man do? \*  
 And now, that — strife and bloodshed past —  
 We've done on earth what harm we can do,  
 We gravely take to heav'n at last †  
 And think its favouring smile to purchase  
 Oh Lord, good Lord! by — building churches!

---

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW  
 ROMANTIC DRAMA.

“AND now,” quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,  
 “Having got good materials, I'll brew such a dose  
 “Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,  
 “They've not known its equal for many a long day.”  
 Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to be steady,  
 And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and stood ready.

“So, now for the' ingredients: — first, hand me that  
 bishop;”

Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to fish up,  
 From out a large reservoir, wherein they pen 'em,  
 The blackest of all its black dabblers in venom;  
 And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze,  
 And one “drop of the' immortal” † Right Rev.§  
 they might lose)

In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews,

\* Nil mortalibus ardui est.

† Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

‡ “To lose no drop of the immortal man.”

§ The present Bishop of Exeter.

Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a burst  
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!

"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," mutter'd the  
dame —

"He who's call'd after Harry the Older, by name."

"The Ex-Chancellor!" echoed her imps, the whole  
crew of 'em —

"Why talk of *one* Ex, when your Mischief has *two*  
of 'em?" [elves,

"True, true," said the hag, looking arch at her

"And a double-*Ex* dose they compose, in them-  
selves."

This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,  
Set all the devils a laughing most deucedly.

So, in went the pair, and (what none thought sur-  
prising)

Show'd talents for sinking as great as for rising;

While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted

With joy to see spirits so twin-like united —

Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,

In one mess of venom thus spitted together.

Here a flashy imp rose — some connection, no doubt,

Of the young lord in question — and, scowling about,

"Hop'd his fiery friend, Stanley, would not be left  
out;

"As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world must  
agree, [he."

"Lov'd mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than

But, no — the wise hag would n't hear of the whipster;  
 Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her,  
 And nature had giv'n him, to keep him still young,  
 Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue;  
 But because she well knew that, for change ever  
                   ready,

He'd not ev'n to mischief keep properly steady;  
 That soon ev'n the *wrong* side would cease to delight,  
 And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the  
                   *right*;

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,  
 That the side he attack'd was most safe, of the two. —  
 This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,  
 There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.

"And now," quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey'd,  
 And the tidbits so friendlily rankling inside,  
 "There wants but some seasoning; — so, come, ere  
                   I stew 'em,

"By way of a relish, we'll throw in '— John Tuam.'

"In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh or fish

"Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to  
                   the dish."

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama —  
 Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THOUGH fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,  
 Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,  
 To say nothing of all the wonders done  
 By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,  
 When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he  
 Up waves his arm, and — down drops Okey!\*

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,  
 If you wish still stranger things to see —  
 If you wish to know the power immense  
 Of the true magnetic influence,

Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,  
 And learn the wonders working there —  
 And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare!  
 Talk of your animal magnetists,  
 And that wave of the hand no soul resists,  
 Not all its witcheries can compete  
 With the friendly beckon tow'rds Downing Street,  
 Which a Premier gives to one who wishes  
 To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.  
 It actually lifts the lucky elf,  
 Thus acted upon, *above* himself; —  
 He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,  
 And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

\* The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.

These effects, observe (with which I begin),  
 Take place when the patient's motion'd *in* ;  
 Far different, of course, the mode of affection,  
 When the wave of the hand's in the *out* direction ;  
 The effects being then extremely unpleasant,  
 As is seen in the case of Lord Brougham, at present ;  
 In whom this sort of manipulation  
 Has lately produc'd such inflammation,  
 Attended with constant irritation,  
 That, in short — not to mince his situation —  
 It has work'd in the man a transformation  
 That puzzles all human calculation !

Ever since the fatal day which saw  
 That "pass" \* perform'd on this Lord of Law —  
 A pass potential, none can doubt,  
 As it sent Harry Brougham to the right about —  
 The condition in which the patient has been  
 Is a thing quite awful to be seen.  
 Not that a casual eye could scan

    This wondrous change by outward survey ;  
 It being, in fact, the *'interior* man

    That's turn'd completely topsy-turvy : —  
 Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,  
 I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,  
 Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd,  
 The whole order of things was found transpos'd ; †

\* The technical term for the movements of the magnetizer's hand.

† Omnes feré internas corporis partes inverso ordine sitas. — *Act. Erudit.* 1690.

By a *lusus naturæ*, strange to see,  
 The liver plac'd where the heart should be,  
 And the *spleen* (like Brougham's, since laid on the  
                   shelf)  
 As diseas'd and as much *out of place* as himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,  
 If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation;  
 And therefore I humbly beg to propose,  
 That those *savans* who mean, as the rumour goes,  
 To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,  
 Should also Lord Harry's case embrace;  
 And inform us, in *both* these patients' state,  
 Which *ism* it is that predominates,  
 Whether magnetism and somnambulism,  
 Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.



#### THE SONG OF THE BOX.

LET History boast of her Romans and Spartans,  
 And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks;  
 They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty Martins,  
 Compar'd to George Grote and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat? — Oh, it isn't  
 By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks; —  
 Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd,  
 She's sliily shut up in Grote's wonderful Box.



How snug! — 'stead of floating through ether's dominions,

Blown *this* way and *that*, by the "populi vox,"  
To fold thus in silence her sinecure pinions,  
And go fast asleep in Grote's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of freedom — [Lockes ;

So thought once the Seldens, Hampdens, the  
But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush we lead 'em, [Box.

For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the

Pure, exquisite Box ! no corruption can soil it ;  
There's Otto of Rose in each breath it unlocks ;  
While Grote is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,  
And breathes all Arabia around from his Box.\*

'Tis a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius †  
(A namesake of Grote's — being both of Dutch stocks),

Like Grote, too, a genius profound as precocious,  
Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box ; —

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great  
Grotius

When suffering in prison, for views het'rodox,

\* And all Arabia breathes from yonder<sup>b</sup> box.

POPE's *Rape of the Lock*.

† *Groot*, or *Grote*, latinized into Grotius.

Was pack'd up incog. spite of gaolers ferocious,\*  
And sent to his wife,† carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,  
Since a rival hath ris'n that all parallel mocks;—  
*That* Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,  
While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a  
Box!

And oh when, at last, ev'n this greatest of Grotes  
Must bend to the Power that at every door  
knocks,‡  
May he drop in the urn like his own "silent votes,"  
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.

While long at his shrine, both from country and city,  
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,  
And sing, while they whimper, the' appropriate ditty,  
"Oh breathe not his *name*, let it sleep—in the  
Box."

\* For the particulars of this escape of Grotius from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said) in which books used to be occasionally sent to him and foul linen returned, see any of the Biographical Dictionaries.

† This is not quite according to the facts of the case; his wife having been the contriver of the stratagem, and remained in the prison herself to give him time for escape.

‡ *Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede*, etc. — HORAT.

Our gracious Regent's better half\*  
 And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —  
 (As Van, or any other calf,  
 May find, without much figuring).  
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,  
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,  
 Any where his Lordship pleases,  
 Though 't were to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his,†  
 Who first at Congress show'd his phiz —  
 To sign away the Rights of Man  
 To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;  
 And leave the sinking African ‡  
 To fall without one saving struggle —  
 'Mong ministers from North and South,  
 To show his lack of shame and sense,  
 And hoist the Sign of "Bull and Mouth"  
 For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home §  
 To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,

\* — Animæ dimidium meæ.

† Illi robur et æs triplex.  
 Circa pectus erat, qui, etc.

‡ ——— præcipitem Africum  
 Decertantem Aquilonibus.

§ Nequicquam Deus abscidit  
 Prudens oceano dissociabili  
 Terras si tamen impiæ  
 Non tangenda Rates transiliunt vada.

Now in the' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,  
 Now in soft *couplet* style philandering ;  
 And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,  
 Dragging his wounded length along,\*  
 When scourg'd by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second  
 May fairly a match for the First be reckon'd ;  
 Save that *your* Thalaba's talent lay  
 In sweeping old conjurors clean away,  
 While ours at aldermen deals his blows,  
 (Who no great conjurors are, God knows,)  
 Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,  
 Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,  
 Bullies the whole Milesian race —  
 Seven millions of Paddies, face to face ;  
 And, seizing that magic wand, himself,  
 Which erst thy conjurors left on the shelf,  
 Transforms the boys of the Boyne and Liffey  
 All into *foreigners*, in a jiffy —  
 Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,  
 Born but for whips and chains, the whole of 'em !

Never, in short, did parallel  
 Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well ;  
 And, among the points in which they fit,  
 There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit.

\* "A needless Alexandrine ends the song  
 That, *like a wounded snake*, drags its slow length along."

That hacking, hectoring blade of thine  
 Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line ; \*  
 And 'tis but rendering justice due,  
 To say that ours and his Tory crew  
*Damn Daniel* most devoutly too.



## RIVAL TOPICS.†

## AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

OH Wellington and Stephenson,  
 Oh morn and evening papers,  
 Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,  
 When will ye cease our ears to stun  
 With these two heroes' capers?  
 Still "Stephenson" and "Wellington,"  
 The everlasting two ! —  
 Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,  
 To hear what mischief one has done,  
 And t'other means to do : —  
 What bills the banker pass'd to friends,  
 But never meant to pay ;  
 What Bills the other wight intends,  
 As honest, in their way ; —

\* " Vain are the spells, the Destroyer  
 Treads the Domdaniel floor."

*Thalaba*, a Metrical Romance.

† The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1828-9.

Bills, payable at distant sight,  
 Beyond the Grecian kalends,  
 When all good deeds will come to light,  
 When Wellington will do what's right,  
 And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,  
 But still the rogue unhurt is;  
 While t'other juggler — who'd have thought?  
 Though slippery long, has just been caught  
 By old Archbishop Curtis; —  
 And, such the power of papal crook,  
 The crosier scarce had quiver'd  
 About his ears, when, lo, the Duke  
 Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide  
 That Rowland "must be mad,"  
 In private coach, with crest, to ride,  
 When chaises could be had.  
 And t'other hero, all agree,  
 St. Luke's will soon arrive at,  
 If thus he shows off publicly,  
 When he might pass in private.

Oh Wellington, oh Stephenson,  
 Ye ever-boring pair,  
 Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,  
 Ye haunt me every where.

Though Job had patience tough enough,  
 Such duplicates would try it;  
 Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,  
 We shan't have peace or quiet.  
 But small's the chance that Law affords —  
 Such folks are daily let off;  
 And, 'twixt the' Old Bailey and the Lords,  
 They both, I fear, will get off.



### THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

"That boy will be the death of me." *Matthews at Home.*

AH, Tories dear, our ruin is near,  
 With Stanley to help us, we can't but fall;  
 Already a warning voice I hear,  
 Like the late Charles Matthews' croak in my ear,  
 "That boy — that boy'll be the death of you all."

He will, God help us! — not ev'n Scriblerius  
 In the "Art of Sinking" his match could be;  
 And our case is growing exceeding serious,  
 For, all being in the same boat as he,  
 If down my Lord goes, down go we,  
 Lord Baron Stanley and Company,  
 As deep in Oblivion's swamp below  
 As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;

And where we shall all both low and high,  
 Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie  
 As already doth Graham of Netherby !  
 But that boy, that boy ! — there's a tale I know,  
 Which in talking of him comes *à-propos*.  
 Sir Thomas More had an only son,  
 And a foolish lad was that only one,  
 And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,  
 "My dear, I can't but wish you joy,  
 "For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,  
 "Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Ev'n such is our own distressing lot,  
 With the ever-young statesman we have got ; —  
 Nay ev'n still worse ; for Master More  
 Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,  
 While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,  
 That, the older he gets, the more juv'nile he grows,  
 And, at what extreme old age he'll close  
 His schoolboy course, heaven only knows ; —  
 Some century hence, should he reach so far,  
 And ourselves to witness it heav'n condemn,  
 We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,  
 A whipper-snapper Methusalem ;  
 Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,  
 The boy'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the day of it !  
 Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction ;  
 And, day and night, with awe I recall  
 The late Mr. Matthews' solemn prediction,  
 "That boy'll be the death, the death of you all."



LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRIEN TO THE REV. MURTAGH  
O'MULLIGAN.

ABRAH, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful  
day? —

Or, how came it your riverence was laid on the  
shelf, [away —  
When that poor craythur, Bobby — as *you* were  
Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*.

Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch  
A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection; —  
Two such iligant Siamase twins of the Church,  
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connec-  
tion.

If thus in two different directions you pull,  
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your river-  
end brother  
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,  
Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd  
*another!* \*

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,  
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letther!

\* "You will increase the enmity with which they are re-  
garded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by  
the tails, that their faces may tend in opposite directions." —  
Bob's *Bull*, read at Exeter Hall, July 14.



Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free  
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a  
better.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*, this way,  
'Tis a thrick he's much timplt to carry on gaily;  
Till, at last, his "injanious devices," \* some day,  
Show him up, not at Exether Hall, but the' Ould  
Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,  
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their *names*, too,  
must be,)

*One* forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,  
While a riverend Todd's now his match to a T.†

But, no matther *who* did it — all blessins betide him,  
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate;  
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen, be-  
side him, [plate.  
To make the whole grand dish of *bull-calf* com-

\* "An ingenious device of my learned friend." — BOB'S  
*Letter to Standard*.

† Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have  
allowed this hasty attack on Dr. Todd to have made its ap-  
pearance in this Collection; being now fully convinced that the  
charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending  
to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was alto-  
gether unfounded. Finding it to be the wish, however, of my  
reverend friend — as I am now glad to be permitted to call  
him — that both the wrong and the reparation, the Ode and  
the Palinode, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have  
thought it but due to him to comply with his request.

### MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

OF all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,  
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage ; —  
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star  
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,  
And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,  
As completely as any born noodles on earth.

How *acres* descend, is in law-books display'd,  
But we as *wiseacres* descend, ready made ;  
And, by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature,  
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature ; —  
Like ducklings, to water instinctly taking,  
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making ;  
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,  
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

The' Egyptians of old the same policy knew —  
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too :  
Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,  
Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be said of it),  
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made  
of it ; [tians  
While, fam'd for *conservative* stomachs, th' Egyp-  
Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.

It is true, we've among us some peers of the past,  
Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast —

Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising  
 With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is surprising,  
 Conserves, in whom — potted, for grandmamma  
                   uses —

'T would puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices.  
 'T is true, too, I fear, midst the general movement,  
 Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd to improve-  
                   ment,

And all its live furniture, nobly descended,  
 But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended.  
 With *movables* 'mong us, like Brougham and like  
                   Durham,

No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em ;  
 And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,  
 When — as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they  
                   say,

Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm —  
 So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by Reform ;  
 And, as up, like Loretto's fam'd house,\* through the  
                   air,

Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,  
 Grim, radical phizzes, unus'd to the sky,  
 Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us "good-by,"  
 While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of plebeians,  
 Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing *Io Pæans*.

\* The *Casa Santa*, supposed to have been carried by angels  
 through the air from Galilee to Italy.

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late ?  
 If not, come lend an ear,  
 While sad I state the piteous fate  
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,  
 Loud rung the Tory cheer,  
 While away, away, with spur and whip,  
 Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode — how *could* it err ?  
 'T was the same that took, last year,  
 That wonderful jump to Exeter  
 With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,  
 The course he will take is clear ;  
 And in *that* direction lay the way  
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“ Stop, stop,” said Truth, but vain her cry —  
 Left far away in the rear,  
 She heard but the usual gay “ Good-by ”  
 From her faithless Pamphleteer.



You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,  
 When cantering o'er our sphere —  
 I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,  
 This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath !  
 In the midst of his career,  
 A file of the *Times* lay right in the path  
 Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,  
 Doth not so clear appear :  
 But down he came, as his sermons flat —  
 This Reverend Pamphleteer !

Lord King himself could scarce desire  
 To see a spiritual Peer  
 Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,  
 Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,  
 Shall visit his silent bier,  
 And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say  
 " Poor dear old Pamphleteer !

" He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,  
 " And now *lies coolly* here —  
 " As often he did in life, good man,  
 " Good, Reverend Pamphleteer !"

MEMORANDUM FOR THE

ALOGUE

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" So leave the argument to me —  
 " And, when my holy labour  
 " Hath lit the fires of bigotry,  
 " Thou'lt poke them with thy sabre.  
 " From pulpit and from sentry-box,  
 " We'll make our joint attacks,  
 " I at the head of my *Cassocks*,  
 " And you, of your *Cossacks*.  
 " So here's your health, my brave hussar,  
 " My exquisite old fighter —  
 " Success to bigotry and war,  
 " The musket and the mitre!"  
 Thus pray'd the minister of heaven —  
 While York, just entering then,  
 Snor'd out (as if some *Clerk* had given  
 His nose the cue) " Amen."



# THE WELLINGTON SPA.

" And drink *oblivion* to our woes." ANNA MATILDA.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate  
 springs,  
 'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw;  
 Your *Lethe's* a cure for — all possible things,  
 And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington  
 Spa.



Other physical waters but cure you in part;  
*One* cobbles your gout — *t'other* mends your digestion — [heart! —  
 Some settle your stomach, but *this* — bless your  
 It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,  
 This Wellington nostrum, restoring by stealth,  
 So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,  
 That patients *forget* themselves into rude health.

For instance, the' inventor — his having once said  
 "He should think himself mad, if, at *any one's*  
 call, [head,  
 "He became what he is" — is so purg'd from his  
 That he now doesn't think he's a madman at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long standing —  
 Old chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,  
 To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first landing —  
 A dev'l of a dose of the *Lethe* is wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret  
 An oblivion, so much in their own native style,  
 So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,  
 They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the  
 while! \*

\* The only parallel I know to this sort of oblivion is to be  
 found in a line of the late Mr. R. P. Knight —

"The pleasing memory of things forgot."



## A CHARACTER.

1834.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,  
 'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;  
 A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,  
 Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst —  
 The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,  
 The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear;  
 The thirst for meddling, restless still to show  
 How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;  
 The alarm when others, more sincere than they,  
 Advance the hands to the true time of day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,  
 The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame;  
 List'ning, she smil'd, and bless'd the flippant tongue  
 On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.  
 Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,  
 When loose Reform entic'd her boy away;  
 When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,  
 And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!  
 Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her  
     cheeks,  
 "Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he  
     speaks.  
 "Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,  
 "But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below.

"Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,  
 "Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace! —  
 "For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging  
     mind,  
 "At every step, still further limps behind.  
 "But, bless the boy! — whate'er his wandering be,  
 "Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.  
 "Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay,\*  
 "With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,  
 "His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,  
 "While *those* march onward, *these* look fondly back."  
 And well she knew him — well foresaw the day,  
 Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs  
     away,  
 The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,  
 And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light  
 And ancient darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?  
 Tried by both factions, and to neither true,  
 Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new*;  
 For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too rash,  
*This* wanting more of fire, *that* less of flash,  
 Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,  
 Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,  
 A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye  
 Of venturous seamen sees — and passes by.

\* "Che dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,  
 E indietro venir li convenia,  
 Perchè 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto."

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

NOT long in bed had Lyndhurst lain,  
 When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,  
 The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,\*  
 Stood by his bed-side grimly.  
 Dead aldermen, who once could feast,  
 But now themselves, are fed on,  
 And skeletons of may'rs deceas'd,  
 This doleful chorus led on :—  
     " Oh Lord Lyndhurst,  
     " Unmerciful Lord Lyndhurst,  
     " Corpses we,  
     " All burk'd by thee,  
     " Unmerciful Lord Lyndhurst!"

" Avaunt, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,  
 " Ye look most glum and whitely."  
 " Ah, Lyndhurst dear!" the frights replied,  
 " You've us'd us unpolitely.  
 " And now, ungrateful man! to drive  
     " Dead bodies from your door so,  
 " Who quite corrupt enough, alive,  
     " You've made by death still more so.  
     " Oh, Ex-Chancellor,  
     " Destructive Ex-Chancellor,

\* Referring to the line taken by Lord Lyndhurst, on the question of Municipal Reform.

"See thy work,  
 "Thou second Burke,  
 "Destructive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold Lyndhurst then, whom nought could keep  
 Awake, or surely *that* would,  
 Cried "Curse you all" — fell fast asleep —  
 And dreamt of "Small *v.* Attwood."  
 While, shock'd, the bodies flew down stairs.  
 But, courteous in their panic,  
 Precedence gave to ghosts of may'rs,  
 And corpses aldermanic,  
 Crying, "Oh, Lord Lyndhurst,  
 "That terrible Lord Lyndhurst,  
 "Not Old Scratch  
 "Himself could match  
 "That terrible Lord Lyndhurst."



#### THOUGHTS ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.\*

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

I SAT me down in my easy chair,  
 To read, as usual, the morning papers ;  
 But — who shall describe my look of despair,  
 When I came to Lefroy's "destructive" capers !

\* These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure.

That *he* — that, of all live men, Lefroy  
 Should join in the cry “Destroy, destroy!”  
 Who, ev’n when a babe, as I’ve heard said,  
 On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,  
 And never, till now, a movement made  
 That was n’t most manfully retrograde!  
 Only think — to sweep from the light of day  
 Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away;  
 To annihilate — never to rise again —  
 A whole generation of aldermen,  
 Nor leave them ev’n the’ accustom’d tolls,  
 To keep together their bodies and souls! —  
 At a time, too, when snug posts and places  
     Are falling away from us, one by one,  
 Crash — crash — like the mummy-cases  
     Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,  
 Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,  
 Conservatives of the ancient time; —  
 To choose such a moment to overset  
 The few snug nuisances left us yet;  
 To add to the ruin that round us reigns,  
 By knocking out mayors’ and town-clerks’ brains;  
 By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,  
 Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all —  
 Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,  
 Wrecks of a World that once was Tory! —  
 Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,  
     Robb’d of their roosts, shall still hoot o’er them;  
 Nor *may’rs* shall know where to seek a *nest*,  
     Till Gally Knight shall *find* one for them; —

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late ?  
 If not, come lend an ear,  
 While sad I state the piteous fate  
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,  
 Loud rung the Tory cheer,  
 While away, away, with spur and whip,  
 Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode — how *could* it err ?  
 'Twas the same that took, last year,  
 That wonderful jump to Exeter  
 With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,  
 The course he will take is clear ;  
 And in *that* direction lay the way  
 Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“ Stop, stop,” said Truth, but vain her cry —  
 Left far away in the rear,  
 She heard but the usual gay “ Good-by ”  
 From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,  
 When cantering o'er our sphere —  
 I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,  
 This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!  
 In the midst of his career,  
 A file of the *Times* lay right in the path  
 Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,  
 Doth not so clear appear:  
 But down he came, as his sermons flat —  
 This Reverend Pamphleteer!

Lord King himself could scarce desire  
 To see a spiritual Peer  
 Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,  
 Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,  
 Shall visit his silent bier,  
 And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say  
 "Poor dear old Pamphleteer!"

"He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,  
 "And now *lies coolly* here —  
 "As often he did in life, good man,  
 "Good, Reverend Pamphleteer!"



## A RECENT DIALOGUE.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,  
 Both heroes in their way  
 Did thus, of late, one afternoon,  
 Unto each other say : —  
 “ Dear bishop,” quoth the brave hussar,  
 “ As nobody denies  
 “ That you a wise logician are,  
 “ And I am — otherwise,  
 “ ’Tis fit that in this question, we  
 “ Stick each to his own art —  
 “ That *yours* should be the sophistry,  
 “ And *mine* the *fighting* part.  
 “ My creed, I need not tell you, is  
 “ Like that of W——n,  
 “ To whom no harlot comes amiss,  
 “ Save her of Babylon ; \*  
 “ And when we’re at a loss for words,  
 “ If laughing reasoners flout us,  
 “ For lack of sense we’ll draw our swords —  
 “ The sole thing sharp about us.” —  
 “ Dear bold dragoon,” the bishop said,  
 “ ’Tis true for war thou art meant ;  
 “ And reasoning — bless that dandy head !  
 “ Is not in thy department.

\* Cui nulla meretrix displicuit præter Babylonieam.

" So leave the argument to me —  
 " And, when my holy labour  
 " Hath lit the fires of bigotry,  
 " Thou'lt poke them with thy sabre.  
 " From pulpit and from sentry-box,  
 " We'll make our joint attacks,  
 " I at the head of my *Cassocks*,  
 " And you, of your *Cossacks*.  
 " So here's your health, my brave hussar,  
 " My exquisite old fighter —  
 " Success to bigotry and war,  
 " The musket and the mitre!"  
 Thus pray'd the minister of heaven —  
 While York, just entering then,  
 Snor'd out (as if some *Clerk* had given  
 His nose the cue) " Amen."



#### THE WELLINGTON SPA.

" And drink *oblivion* to our woes." ANNA MATILDA.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate  
 springs,  
 'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw;  
 Your *Lethe's* a cure for — all possible things,  
 And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington  
 Spa.

A sample of each of these species of creatures,  
 Both tol'rably human, in structure and features,  
 Except that the' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!  
 To've been carnivorous as well as granivorous;  
 And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there  
 Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,  
 Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 't is said,  
 The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;  
 And which having lately himself decomposed,  
 Just to see what 't was made of, he actually found it  
 Compos'd of all possible cookable things  
 That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings—  
 All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,  
 Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,  
 All clubbing their quotas, to glut the cesophagus  
 Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus.\*

“Admire,” exclaim'd Tomkins, “the kind dispensa-  
 tion

“By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,

“In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,

“That might else have occasion'd a general dearth—

“And thus burying 'em, deep as ev'n Joe Hume  
 would sink 'em,

“With the Ichthyosaurus and Palæorynchum,

“And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—

“Not forgetting that fossilized youth,† so renown'd.

\* The zoological term for a tithe-eater.

† The man found by Scheuchzer, and supposed by him to

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 1.

LEAVE ME ALONE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them is, '*leave us alone.*' The Established Church is part and parcel of the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask of you nothing more; — *let us alone.*" — Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1888.

COME, list to my pastoral tones,  
 In clover my shepherds I keep;  
 My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,  
 Whose preaching invites one to sleep.  
 At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,  
 So they leave but the *substance* my own;  
 For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,  
 If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know; —  
 Though excellent men, in their way,  
 They never like things to be *so*,  
 Let things be however they may.  
 But dissenting's a trick I detest;  
 And, besides, 'tis an axiom well known,  
 The creed that's best paid is the best,  
 If the *unpaid* would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising  
 Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,  
 Who start first with rationalizing,  
 Then jump to the other extreme.  
 Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,  
 A nice *half*-way concern, like our own,  
 Where piety's mix'd up with pence,  
 And the latter are *ne'er* left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is  
 The one that most tears us to bits ;  
 And now, Mrs. Woolfrey's "excesses,"  
 Have thrown all its imps into fits.  
 The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,  
 And there's no saying when they'll have  
 done ; —  
 Oh dear, how I wish Mr. Breeks  
 Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone !

If any need pray for the dead,  
 'Tis those to whom post-obits fall ;  
 Since wisely hath Solomon said,  
 'Tis " money that answereth all."  
 But ours be the patrons who *live* ; —  
 For, once in their glebe they are thrown,  
 The dead have no living to give,  
 And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,  
 Such perfection is rare to be had ;

A good life is, of course, very well,  
 But good living is also — not bad.  
 And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,  
 Let this epitaph stare from my stone,  
 “Here lies the Right Rev. so and so;  
 “Pass, stranger, and — leave him alone.”



EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EXETER TO JOHN  
 OF TUAM.

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,  
 You’ve sipp’d of all knowledge, both sacred and  
 mundane,

No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you’ve read  
 What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said —  
 That he ne’er saw two rev’rend soothsayers meet,  
 Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,  
 Without wondering the rogues, ’mid their solemn  
 grimaces,

Did n’t burst out a laughing in each other’s faces.\*  
 What Cato then meant, though ’tis so long ago,  
 Even we in the present times pretty well know;  
 Having soothsayers also, who — sooth to say, John —  
 Are no better in some points than those of days  
 gone,

\* *Mirari se, si angur augurem aspiciens sibi temperaret a risu.*

To me, I own, very surprising  
 Your Newmans and Puseys all seem.  
 Who start first with rationalizing,  
 Then jump to the other extreme.  
 Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,  
 A nice *half-way* concern, like our own,  
 Where piety's mix'd up with pence,  
 And the latter are *ne'er* left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is  
 The one that most tears us to bits;  
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 Have thrown all its imps into fits.  
 The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,  
 And there's no saying when they'll have  
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 Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone!

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 Since wisely hath Solomon said,  
 'Tis "money that answereth all."  
 But ours be the patrons who *live*; —  
 For, once in their glebe they are thrown,  
 The dead have no living to give,  
 And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,  
 Such perfection is rare to be had;

Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,  
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears ;  
And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer  
By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,  
And who, smooth in my turnings, as if on a swivel,  
When the tone ecclesiastic wo'n't do, try the *civil*.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)  
We've the same cause in common, John — all but  
the rhino ;  
And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,  
As you're not us'd to cash, John, you'd best leave  
to me.  
And so, without form — as the postman wo'n't  
tarry —  
I'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

---

SONG OF OLD PUCK.

"And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously."

Puck Junior, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

WHO wants old Puck? for here am I,  
A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,  
Ready alike to crawl or fly ;  
Now in the mud, now in the air,  
And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where.



As to my knowledge, there's no end to't,  
 For, where I have n't it, I pretend to't;  
 And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree  
 At some dull university,  
 Puck found it handier to commence,  
 With a certain share of impudence,  
 Which passes one off as learn'd and clever,  
 Beyond all other degrees whatever;  
 And enables a man of lively sconce  
 To be Master of *all* the Arts at once.  
 No matter what the science may be —  
 Ethics, Physics, Theology,  
 Mathematics, Hydrostatics,  
 Aerostatics or Pneumatics —  
 Whatever it be, I take my luck,  
 'Tis all the same to ancient Puck  
 Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,  
 That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears  
 If I had but of *law* a little smatt'ring,  
 I'd then be *perfect* \* — which is flatt'ring.

My skill as a linguist all must know  
 Who met me abroad some months ago;  
 (And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,  
 In the moods and tenses of *parlez vous*)  
 When, as old Chambaud's shade stood mute,  
 I spoke such French to the Institute

\* Verbatim as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical friend, Dr. ———: "Il se connoît en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

As puzzled those learned Thebans much,  
 To know if 't was Sanscrit or High Dutch,  
 And *might* have pass'd with the' unobserving  
 As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.  
 As to my talent for ubiquity,  
 There's nothing like it in all antiquity.  
 Like Mungo (my peculiar care)  
 "I'm here, I'm dere, I'm ebery where." \*

If any one's wanted to take the chair,  
 Upon any subject, any where,  
 Just look around, and — Puck is there !  
 When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey  
 Is never known to be out of the way ;  
 And wherever mischief's to be got,  
 There's Puck *instantly*, on the spot.

Only find me in negus and applause,  
 And I'm your man for *any* cause.  
 If *wrong* the cause, the more my delight ;  
 But I don't object to it, ev'n when *right*,  
 If I only can vex some old friend by 't ;  
 There's Durham, for instance ; — to worry *him*  
 Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim !

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck  
 Can't do better than join with Puck.

\* Song in "The Padlock."



As puzzled those learned Thebans much,  
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 If I only can vex some old friend by 't ;  
 There's Durham, for instance ; — to worry *him*  
 Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim !

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck  
 Can't do better than join with Puck.

\* Song in "The Padlock."

They'll find him *bon diable* — spite of his phiz —  
 And, in fact, his great ambition is,  
 While playing old Puck in first-rate style,  
 To be *thought* Robin Good-fellow all the while.



# POLICE REPORTS.

## CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,  
 Was a youngster, nam'd Stanley, genteelly connected,  
 Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,  
 Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,  
 Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale demands; \* [bold  
 And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so  
 As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;  
 And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation,)  
 Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd  
 Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking nation.

\* For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Budæus de Asse, and the other writers de Re Nummariâ.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertiz'd,  
 "Black swans" — "Queen Anne farthings" — or  
 ev'n "a child's caul" —

Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,  
 "Stanley's talents" outdid them — swans, far-  
 things, and all !

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad ; [it ;  
 Even quondam believers began much to doubt of  
 Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud —  
 And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine  
 out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,  
 Said 't was known well to all who had studied the  
 matter,  
 That the Greeks had not only *great* talents but *small*,\*  
 And those found on the youngster were clearly  
*the latter*.

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a  
 grin —  
 Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coinage so massy,  
 By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,  
 Appropriately quoted Budæus de *Asse*.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,  
 And this coin, which they chose by such fine names  
 to call,

\* The *Talentum Magnum* and the *Talentum Atticum* appear  
 to have been the same coin.

Prov'd a mere lacker'd article — showy, no doubt,  
But, ye gods, not the true Attic Talent at all.

As th' impostor was still young enough to repent,  
And, besides, had some claims to a grandee connection,  
Their Worships — considerate for once — only sent  
The young Thimblorig off to the House of Correction.



## REFLECTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE OF THE  
CHURCH IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I'M quite of your mind ; — though these Pats cry  
That they've got "too much Church," 't is all  
nonsense and stuff ;

For Church is like Love, of which Figaro vow'd  
That even *too much* of it's not quite enough.\*

Ay, dose them with parsons, 'twill cure all their  
ills ; —

Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box un-  
daunted he

Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,  
Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quan-  
tity.

\* En fait d'amour, trop même n'est pas assez. — *Barbier de Seville*.

I verily think, 't would be worth England's while  
 To consider, for Paddy's own benefit, whether  
 'T would not be as well to give up the green isle  
 To the care, wear and tear of the Church alto-  
 gether.

The Irish are well us'd to treatment so pleasant ;  
 The harlot Church gave them to Henry Planta-  
 genet,\*  
 And now, if King William would make them a pres-  
 ent  
 To 't other chaste lady — ye Saints, just imagine it !

Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,  
 Might then all be cull'd from the 'episcopal benches ;  
 While colonels in black would afford some relief  
 From the hue that reminds one of the 'old scarlet  
 wench's.

Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd therein)  
 The Right Reverend Brigadier Phillpotts would  
 slash on ! [thin,  
 How General Blomfield, through thick and through  
 To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would  
 dash on !

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race  
 Of bishops to beggars similitude bear —

\* Grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian.



That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,  
 And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time — you  
 know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,  
 Where affairs have for centuries gone the same  
 way ;  
 And a good stanch Conservative's system is such  
 That he'd back even Beelzebub's long-founded  
 sway.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your  
 mind ; —  
 Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let's  
 pour ;  
 And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,  
 The more let's repeat it — "Black dose, as before."

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand  
 With demure-ey'd Conversion, fit sister and bro-  
 ther ;  
 And, covering with prisons and churches the land,  
 All that wo'n't *go to one*, we'll put *into* the other.

For the sole, leading maxim of us who're inclin'd  
 To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,  
 Is to treat her like ladies, who've just been confin'd  
 (Or who *ought* to be so) and to *church* her pro-  
 digiously.

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS OF THE  
TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

COME, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view  
An exact and nat'ral representation  
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo \*)  
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are — all cut out in cork —  
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see ;  
My eyes ! when all them heads are at work,  
What a vastly weighty consarn it must be.

As for the "wisdom," — *that* may come anon ;  
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see  
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)  
A man who's M. P. with a head that's M. T.

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 'tis true ;  
But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves ;  
And, besides, — *what's* a man with creeturs to do  
That make such *verry* small figures themselves ?

There — don't touch those lords, my pretty dears —  
(*Aside.*) [nation :  
Curse the children ! — this comes of reforming a

\* One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions of the day.

Those meddling young brats have so damaged my  
peers,  
I must lay in more cork for a new creation.

Them yonder's our bishops — "to whom much is  
giv'n," [please :  
And who're ready to take as much more as you  
The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,  
But these holy seers see nothing but Sees.

Like old Atlas \* (the chap, in Cheapside, there be-  
low,)

'Tis for so much *per cent.* they take heav'n on  
their shoulders ;  
And joy 'tis to know that old High Church and Co.,  
Though not capital priests, are such capital holders.

There's one on 'em, Phillpotts, who now is away,  
As we're having him fill'd with bumbustible stuff,  
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,  
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

'T would do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,  
When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with  
bile,  
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,  
"How like the dear man, both in matter and  
style !"

\* The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheapside.

Should you want a few Peers and M. P.s, to bestow,  
As presents to friends, we can recommend  
these : —\*

Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,  
And we charge but a penny a piece for M. P.s.

Those of *bottle-corks* made take most with the trade,  
(At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)  
Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,  
But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are  
*rum* 'uns.

So, step in, gentlefolks, etc. etc.

*Da Capo.*



#### ANNOUNCEMENT

OF A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY FOR THE PRO-  
MOTION OF THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

LOUD complaints being made, in these quick-reading  
times,

Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and  
rhymes,

A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,  
First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who  
can,

Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and  
speed,

\* Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen.

Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed —  
Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may  
read —

And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,  
Will beat ev'n Bentley's swift stud out and out.

It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,  
We've "Immortals" as rife as M.P.s about town;  
And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply  
Some invalid bard who's insur'd "not to die."  
Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she'll  
find

How fast they'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind;  
And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,  
Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write.

In fact, there's no saying, so gainful the trade,  
How fast immortalities now may be made;  
Since Helicon never will want an "Undying One,"  
As long as the public continues a Buying One;  
And the company hope yet to witness the hour,  
When, by strongly applying the mare-motive\* power,  
A three-decker novel, 'midst oceans of praise,  
May be written, launch'd, read, and — forgot, in  
three days!

In addition to all this stupendous celerity,  
Which — to the no small relief of posterity —

\* "'T is money makes the mare to go."

Pays off at sight the whole debit of fame,  
 Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name  
 (A project that wo'n't as much tickle Tom Tegg as  
*us,*

Since 'twill rob *him* of his second-priced Pegasus);  
 We, the Company — still more to show how immense  
 Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, shillings, and  
 pence;

And that not even Phœbus himself, in our day,  
 Could get up a *lay* without first an *outlay* —  
 Beg to add, as our literature soon may compare,  
 In its quick make and vent, with our Birmingham  
 ware,

And it doesn't at all matter in either of these lines,  
 How *sham* is the article, so it but *shines*, —  
 We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen in hand,  
 To write off, in any giv'n style, at command.  
 No matter what bard, be he living or dead,\*  
 Ask a work from his pen, and 'tis done soon as said:  
 There being, on th' establishment, six Walter Scotts,  
 One capital Wordsworth, and Southey's in lots; —  
 Three choice Mrs. Nortons, all singing like syrens,  
 While most of our pallid young clerks are Lord  
 Byrons.

Then we've \*\*\*s and \*\*\*s (for whom there's  
 small call),  
 And \*\*\*s and \*\*\*s (for whom no call at all).

\* We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people,  
 As we find that, if left with the live ones, they *keep* ill.

In short, whosoe'er the last "Lion" may be,  
 We've a Bottom who'll copy his roar \* to a T,  
 And so well, that not one of the buyers who've got  
     'em  
 Can tell which is lion, and which only Bottom.

N. B. — The company, since they set up in this line,  
 Have mov'd their concern, and are now at the sign  
 Of the Muse's Velocipede, *Fleet* Street, where all  
 Who wish well to the scheme are invited to call.

---

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER TO  
 DAN.

FROM tongue to tongue the rumour flew;  
 All ask'd, aghast, "Is't true? is't true?"  
     But none knew whether 'twas fact or fable:  
 And still the unholy rumour ran,  
 From Tory woman to Tory man,  
     Though none to come at the truth was able —  
 Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,  
 The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,  
     That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table;  
 Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork  
 In the heart of th' Establish'd mutton and pork!

\* "Bottom: Let me play the lion; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale."

Who can forget the deep sensation  
 That news produc'd in this orthodox nation?  
 Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,  
 If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,  
 'Twas clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed!

There had n't, indeed, such an apparition  
 Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day  
 When, during the first grand exhibition  
 Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,  
 There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,  
 An *extra* devil among the dancers!  
 Yes — ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,  
 That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille;  
 And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall  
 A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,  
 And the poor *sham* dev'ls did n't like it at all;  
 For, they knew from whence th' intruder had come,  
 Though he left, *that* night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case  
 To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place.  
 With the difference slight of fiend and man,  
 It shows what a nest of Popish sinners  
 That city must be, where the devil and Dan  
 May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners!

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,  
 These demon hops and Popish feedings.

• History of the Irish Stage.



Some comfort 't will be — to those, at least,  
 Who've studied this awful dinner question —  
 To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,  
 Was seiz'd with a dreadful indigestion ;  
 That envoys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,  
 To come and absolve the suffering sinner,  
 For eating so much at a heretic dinner ;  
 And some good people were even afraid  
 That Peel's old confectioner — still at the trade —  
 Had poison'd the Papist with *orangeade*.



## NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI.

With all humility we beg  
 To inform the public, that Tom Tegg —  
 Known for his spunky speculations,  
 In buying up dead reputations,  
 And, by a mode of galvanizing  
 Which, all must own, is quite surprising,  
 Making dead authors move again,  
 As though they still were living men ; —  
 All this, too, manag'd, in a trice,  
 By those two magic words, " Half Price,  
 Which brings the charm so quick about,  
 That worn-out poets, left without  
 A second *foot* whereon to stand,  
 Are made to go at second *hand* ; —  
 'T will please the public, we repeat,  
 To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,

And, therefore, knows what care it needs  
 To keep alive Fame's invalids,  
 Has oped an Hospital, in town,  
 For cases of knock'd-up renown —  
 Falls, fractures, dangerous *Epic fits*  
 (By some call'd *Cantos*), stabs from wits;  
 And, of all wounds for which they're nurst,  
*Dead cuts* from publishers, the worst; —  
 All these, and other such fatalities,  
 That happen to frail immortalities,  
 By Tegg are so expertly treated,  
 That oft-times, when the cure's completed,  
 The patient's made robust enough  
 To stand a few more rounds of *puff*,  
 Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,  
 He's puff'd into thin air away!

As titled poets (being phenomenons)  
 Don't like to mix with low and common 'uns,  
 Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,  
 Express for literary lords,  
 Where *prose*-peers, of immoderate length,  
 Are nurs'd, when they've out grown their  
                   strength,  
 And poets, whom their friends despair of,  
 Are — put to bed and taken care of.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,  
 Now current both with Whig and Tory,  
 That Doctor Warburton, M. P.,  
 Well known for his antipathy,

His deadly hate, good man, to all  
 The race of poets, great and small —  
 So much, that he's been heard to own,  
 He would most willingly cut down  
 The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,  
 To turn the timber to account! —  
 The story actually goes, that he  
 Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;  
 And oft, not only stints, for spite,  
 The patients in their copy-right,  
 But that, on being call'd in lately  
 To two sick poets, suffering greatly,  
 This vaticidal Doctor sent them  
 So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,  
 That one of the poor bards but cried,  
 "Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;  
 While t'other, though less stuff was given,  
 Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven!

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,  
 Tegg means to say no more at present, —  
 Intending shortly to prepare  
 A statement of the whole affair,  
 With full accounts, at the same time,  
 Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),  
 Subscrib'd with every author's name,  
 That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House." — *Church Extension*, May 22, 1880.

SAY, who was the wag, indecorously witty,  
Who first, in a statute, this libel convey'd;  
And thus sliely referr'd to the self-same committee,  
As matters congenial, Religion and Trade?

Oh surely, my Phillpotts, 't was thou did'st the deed;  
For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,  
Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,  
Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each  
other.

And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,  
One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,  
That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees alone  
That the shrine and the shop seem'd to have some  
connection.

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,  
Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid;  
And where the whole people, by royal command,  
Buy their gods at the government mart, ready  
made; — \*

\* The Birmans may not buy the sacred marble in mass but must purchase figures of the deity already made. — SYMES.

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose,  
is)

Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,  
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses —  
Just such as, my Phillpotts, would look well in  
thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood ;  
And 'tis clear, without going to regions so sunny,  
That priests love to do the *least* possible good,  
For the largest *most* possible quantum of money.

"Of him," saith the text, "unto whom much is given,  
"Of him much, in turn, will be also required:" —  
"By *me*," quoth the sleek and obese man of  
heaven —  
"Give as much as you will — more will still be  
desir'd."

More money! more churches! — oh Nimrod, had'st  
thou  
'Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way  
gone —  
Had'st thou known by what methods we mount to  
heav'n *now*,  
And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been  
done!

MUSINGS,

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS. NETHERCOAT.

"The widow Nethercoat is appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased husband." — *Limerick Chronicle*.

WHETHER as queens or subjects, in these days,  
 Women seem form'd to grace alike each station; —  
 As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,  
 "You, ladies, are the lords of the creation!"

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions float  
 Of all that matchless woman yet may be;  
 When, hark, in rumours less and less remote,  
 Came the glad news o'er Erin's ambient sea,  
 The important news — that Mrs. Nethercoat  
 Had been appointed gaoler of Loughrea;  
 Yes, mark it, History — Nethercoat is dead,  
 And Mrs. N. now rules his realm instead;  
 Hers the high task to wield the' uplocking keys,  
 To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rapparees!

Thus, while your blust'ers of the Tory school  
 Find Ireland's sanest sons so hard to rule,  
 One meek-ey'd matron, in Whig doctrines nurst,  
 Is all that's ask'd to curb the maddest, worst!

Show me the man that dares, with blushless brow,  
 Prate about Erin's rage and riot now; —

Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess ;  
 When long-lov'd whiskey, fading from her sight,  
 "Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"  
 Will soon, like other *spirits*, vanish quite ;  
 When of red coats the number's grown so small,  
 That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,  
 No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,  
 Save that which she of Babylon supplies ; —  
 Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,  
 Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains ;  
 While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,  
 And captive Paddies languish in her chains !  
 Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine !  
 Oh yes — if ev'n this world, though bright it shine,  
 In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,  
 At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,  
 And blithe I'll sing, more joyous than if free,  
 The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me !



## INTENDED TRIBUTE

TO THE AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF  
 THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ENTITLED  
 "ROMANISM IN IRELAND."

It glads us much to be able to say,  
 That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,  
 Of all such dowagers — *he* or *she* —  
 (No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,)   
 Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,  
 From about the time of the Curfew date —



Staunch sticklers still for days by-gone,  
 And admiring *them* for their rust alone —  
 To whom if we would a leader give,  
 Worthy their tastes conservative,  
 We need but some mummy-statesman raise,  
 Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy's days;  
 For *that's* the man, if waked from his shelf  
 To conserve and swaddle this world, like himself.

Such, we're happy to state, are the old *he*-dames  
 Who've met in committee, and given their names  
 (In good hieroglyphics), with kind intent  
 To pay some handsome compliment  
 To their sister-author, the nameless he,  
 Who wrote, in the last new *Quarterly*,  
 That charming assault upon Popery;  
 An article justly prized by them,  
 As a perfect antediluvian gem —  
 The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say,  
 Of some "fellow the Flood couldn't wash away." \*

The fund being rais'd, there remain'd but to see  
 What the dowager-author's gift was to be.  
 And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue  
 Show'd delicate taste and judgment too.  
 For, finding the poor man suffering greatly  
 From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately —  
 So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,  
 As to bring on a fit of what doctors call

\* See Congreve's *Love for Love*.



The Antipapistico-monomania  
 (I'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye),  
 They've acted the part of a kind physician,  
 By suiting their gift to the patient's condition ;  
 And, as soon as 't is ready for presentation,  
 We shall publish the facts, for the gratification  
 Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours,  
 He still continues his *Quarterly*-labours ;  
 And often has strong No-Popery fits,  
 Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits.  
 Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the play,\*  
 "Thieves ! Jesuits ! Popery !" night and day ;  
 Takes the Printer's Devil for Doctor Dens,†  
 And shies at him heaps of High-church pens ; ‡  
 Which the Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)  
 Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter.

'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the  
 druggist's,  
 He *will* keep raving of " Irish Thuggists ; " §

\* Beaux Stratagem.

† The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls "the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions." — *Quarterly Review*.

‡ "Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North ?" — *Ibid*.

§ "Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists," etc. etc. — *Quarterly Review*.

Tells us they all go murd'ring, for fun,  
 From rise of morn till set of sun,  
 Pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun! \*  
 If ask'd how comes it the gown and cassock are  
 Safe and fat, 'mid this general massacre —  
 How haps it that Pat's own population  
 But swarms the more for this trucidation —  
 He refers you, for all such memoranda,  
 To the "*archives of the Propaganda!*" †

This is all we've got, for the present, to say —  
 But shall take up the subject some future day.



# GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

## A POOR POET'S DREAM.‡

As I sate in my study, lone and still,  
 Thinking of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill,  
 And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made,  
 In spirit congenial, for "the Trade,"  
 Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,

\* "Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns." — *Ibid.*

† "Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?"

‡ Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright.

Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare flitting,  
I found myself, in a second or so,  
At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.

With a goodly group of diners sitting ; —  
All in the printing and publishing line,  
Drest, I thought, extremely fine,  
And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine ;  
While I, in a state near inanition,

With coat that hadn't much nap to spare  
(Having just gone into its second edition),  
Was the only wretch of an author there.

But think, how great was my surprise,  
When I saw, in casting round my eyes,  
That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks,  
Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books ;  
Large folios — God knows where they got 'em,  
In these *small* times — at top and bottom ;  
And quartos (such as the Press provides  
For no one to read them) down the sides.  
Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,  
And I said to myself, " 'T is all too plain,  
" Like those, well known in school quotations,  
" Who ate up for dinner their own relations,  
" I see now, before me, smoking here,  
" The bodies and bones of my brethren dear ; —  
" Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,  
" All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews ;  
" Their *works*, a light through ages to go, —  
" *Themselves*, eaten up by Type and Co. ! "

While thus I moralized, on they went,  
 Finding the fare most excellent;  
 And all so kindly, brother to brother,  
 Helping the tidbits to each other:  
 "A slice of Southey let me send you" —  
 "This cut of Campbell I recommend you" —  
 "And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,  
 "The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd!"

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,  
 Upon joints of poetry — all of the prime —  
 With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)  
 "Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as preferr'd  
 it" —

They rested awhile to recruit their force,  
 Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,  
 Which was singing birds merely — Moore and  
 others —

Who all went the way of their larger brothers;  
 And, num'rous now though such songsters be,  
 'Twas really quite distressing to see  
 A whole dishful of Toms — Moore, Dibdin, Bayly, —  
 Bolted by Type and Co. so gaily!

Nor was this the worst — I shudder to think  
 What a scene was disclos'd when they came to drink  
 The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,  
 Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes:  
 And Type's old port, to my horror I found,  
 Was in skulls of bards sent merrily round.

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose,  
is)

Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,  
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses —  
Just such as, my Phillpotts, would look well in  
thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood ;  
And 'tis clear, without going to regions so sunny,  
That priests love to do the *least* possible good,  
For the largest *most* possible quantum of money.

"Of him," saith the text, "unto whom much is given,  
"Of him much, in turn, will be also required:" —  
"By *me*," quoth the sleek and obese man of  
heaven —  
"Give as much as you will — more will still be  
desir'd."

More money! more churches! — oh Nimrod, had'st  
thou  
'Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way  
gone —  
Had'st thou known by what methods we mount to  
heav'n *now*,  
And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been  
done!

CHURCH EXTENSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir—A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper;—a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrius, the great Shrine-Extender,\* flourished.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

*Second edition.*

IMPORTANT event for the rich and religious!

Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen  
Square;—

Church Extension, their object,—the' excitement  
prodigious;— [chair!

Demetrius, head man of the craft, takes the

*Third edition.*

The Chairman still up, when our dev'l came away;

Having prefac'd his speech with the usual state  
prayer, [day,

That the Three-headed Dian † would kindly, this

Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care.

\* "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." — *Acts*, xix.

† *Tria Virginis ora Dianæ.*

Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,  
 "When your churches are up, where are flocks to  
 be got?"  
 He manfully answer'd, "Let *us* build the shrines,\*  
 "And we care not if flocks are found for them or  
 not."

He then added — to show that the Silversmiths'  
 Guild  
 Were above all confin'd and intolerant views —  
 "Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build,  
 "You may *pray* through the nose to what altars  
 you choose."

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip  
 (Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for the  
 till) —  
 So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip,  
 That their shouts of "Hear!" "Hear!" are re-  
 echoing still.

*Fourth edition.*

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to Phœbus  
 Are going dog-cheap — may be had for a rebus.  
 Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest; —  
 But Venus's also are much in request.

\* The "Shrines" are supposed to have been small churches,  
 or chapels, adjoining to the great temples; — "ædiculæ, in  
 quibus statuæ reponerantur." — ERASM.

## LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,  
 Since bards, in their cruises, have ceas'd to *touch*  
 there,

We extract for our readers the' intelligence given,  
 In our latest accounts from that *ci-devant* Heaven, —  
 That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state,  
 Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long out of date.

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er,  
 Seems to find immortality rather a bore;  
 Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and  
 crimes,

And reads daily his old fellow-Thund'rer, the Times.  
 He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-  
*peck'd* are,

And kept on a stinted allowance of nectar.

Old Phœbus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,  
 And pack'd off to earth on a *puff*-speculation.  
 The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,  
 Since bards look'd to Bentley and Colburn, not him.  
 So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags,  
 Came incog. down to earth, and now writes for the  
*Mags*; [in't,  
 Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger  
 From which men could guess that the god had a  
 finger in't.



There are other small facts, well deserving attention,

Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.

Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege,

Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.

"What, the Irish!" he cried — "those I look'd to the most!

"If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:"

While Momus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,

Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none!

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce

Compared to the new "casus belli" of Mars,

Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,

Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!

In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow

Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow,

Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up a row:"

But the joke wouldn't take — the whole world had got wiser;

Men liked not to take a Great Gun for adviser;

And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,

Without very well knowing for whom or for what.

The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing,

Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King;

While, in England, good fighting's a pastime so hard  
to gain,  
Nobody's left to fight *with*, but Lord Cardigan.

'Tis needless to say, then, how monstrously happy  
Old Mars has been made by what's now on the *tapis* ;  
How much it delights him to see the French rally,  
In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Ali ;  
Well knowing that Satan himself could not find  
A confection of mischief much more to his mind  
Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw com-  
bin'd.

Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were  
attackers,

Whatever their cause, that they did n't find backers ;  
While any slight care for Humanity's woes  
May be soothed by that " Art Diplomatique," which  
shows

How to come, in the most approv'd method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day — whether Mars is much vext  
At his friend Thiers's exit, we'll know by our next.



#### THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

OUR earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,  
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny ;  
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,  
Being sad, on one side — on the other side, funny.

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,  
 To weep o'er the woes of Macready ; — but scarce  
 Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the  
 eye,  
 When, lo, we're all laughing in fits at the Farce.

And still let us laugh — preach the world as it may —  
 Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will  
 soon follow ;  
 Heroics are very grand things, in their way,  
 But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs  
 Could equal the scene that took place t'other day  
 'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs —  
 The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way !

Yes, Jocus ! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,  
 And whose worship not ev'n among Christians  
 declines,  
 In our senate thou'st languish'd since Sheridan  
 died,  
 But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney ! thrice honour'd the stall where he  
 sits,  
 And be his ev'ry honour he deigneth to climb at !  
 Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,  
 Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its  
 primate ?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave —  
 A Horace to hear, and a Paschal to read ; \*  
 While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney grows  
 grave,  
 We shall then think the Church is in danger  
*indeed.*

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he's preparing  
 To teach *other* bishops to "seek the right way ;" †  
 And means shortly to treat the whole bench to an  
 airing,  
 Just such as he gave to Charles James t' other day.

For our parts, though gravity's good for the soul,  
 Such a fancy have we for the side that there's fun  
 on,  
 We'd rather with Sydney south-west take a "stroll,"  
 Than *coach* it north-east with his Lordship of  
 Lunnun.

Some parts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the  
 highest order of *jeux d'esprit*, or squibs.

† "This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived  
 for your Lordship's speech ; but suppose, my dear Lord, that,  
 instead of going E. and N. E. you had turned about," etc. etc. —  
 SYDNEY SMITH'S *Last Letter to the Bishop of London*.

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER  
MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,  
And, better still, a man of guineas,  
To talk of "patrons," in these times,  
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,  
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page  
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no — those times are past away,  
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,  
The bard inscrib'd to lords his lay, —  
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.  
No more he begs, with air dependent,  
His "little bark may sail attendant"  
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;  
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,  
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,  
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail  
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,  
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd  
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd  
With proper book-making machinery,  
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,

Of all such lands as they shall see,  
 Or *not* see, as the case may be :—  
 It being enjoin'd on all who go  
 To study first Miss Martineau,  
 And learn from her the method true,  
 To *do* one's books — and readers, too.  
 For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve  
 Teaches mankind "How to Observe ;"  
 And, lest mankind at all should swerve,  
 Teaches them also "*What* to Observe."

No, no, my friend — it can't be blink'd —  
 The Patron is a race extinct ;  
 As dead as any Megatherion  
 That ever Buckland built a theory on.  
 Instead of bartering, in this age,  
 Our praise for pence and patronage,  
 We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,  
 Have learn'd to patronize ourselves ;  
 And since all-potent Puffing's made  
 The life of song, the soul of trade,  
 More frugal of our praises grown,  
 We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise  
 Which critics blew in former days,  
 Our modern puffs are of a kind  
 That truly, really *raise the wind* ;  
 And since they've fairly set in blowing,  
 We find them the best *trade-winds* going.

'Stead of frequenting paths so slippery  
 As her old haunts near Aganippe,  
 The Muse, now, taking to the till,  
 Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill  
 (Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,  
 As seen from bard's back attic windows) ;  
 And swallowing there without cessation  
 Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,  
 Touches the *notes* for each new theme,  
 While still fresh "*change* comes o'er her dream."

What Steam is on the deep — and more —  
 Is the vast power of Puff on shore ;  
 Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
 Before the present ev'n commences ;  
 And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us  
 Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song  
 Drove his own two-horse team along,  
 Carrying inside a bard or two,  
 Book'd for posterity "all through ;" —  
 Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,  
 (Like yours, my friend,) for after-times —  
 So slow the pull to Fame's abode,  
 That folks oft slept upon the road ; —  
 And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,  
 Took to his nightcap on the way.\*

\* Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. — HORAT.

Ye Gods ! how different is the story  
 With our new galloping sons of glory,  
 Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,  
 Dash to posterity in *no* time !  
 Raise but one general blast of Puff  
 To start your author — that's enough.  
 In vain the critics, set to watch him,  
 Try at the starting post to catch him :  
 He's off — the puffers carry it hollow —  
 The critics, if they please, may follow.  
 Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,  
 He's fairly blown through six editions !  
 In vain doth Edinburgh dispense  
 Her blue and yellow pestilence  
 (That plague so awful in my time  
 To young and touchy sons of rhyme) —  
 The Quarterly, at three months' date,  
 To catch the' Unread One, comes too late ;  
 And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,  
 Becomes " Immortal," spite of Murray.

But, bless me ! — while I thus keep fooling,  
 I hear a voice cry, " Dinner's cooling."  
 That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,  
 'Mong men of letters bears the bell.)  
 Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally  
 That I *must* stop —

Yours sempiternally.



There are other small facts, well deserving attention,

Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.

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Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.

"What, the Irish!" he cried — "those I look'd to the most!

"If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:"

While Momus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,

Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none!

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce

Compared to the new "*casus belli*" of Mars,

Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,

Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!

In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow

Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow,

Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up a row:"

But the joke wouldn't take — the whole world had got wiser;

Men liked not to take a Great Gun for adviser;

And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,

Without very well knowing for whom or for what.

The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing,

Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King;

A compound nought in history reaches  
But Machiavel, when first in breeches !

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,  
Whene'er thou, witch-like, rid'st the storm,  
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee —  
No livelier lackey could they find thee.  
And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,  
So mischief's *done*, you care not *where*,  
I own, 'twill most *my* fancy tickle  
In Paddyland to play the Pickle ;  
Having got credit for inventing  
A new, brisk method of tormenting —  
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,  
Which puts all Ireland in a passion ;  
So neat it hits the mixture due  
Of injury and insult too ;  
So legibly it bears upon't  
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of *Ire* ;  
And *why* she's so, none need inquire,  
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,  
Spat upon thus by me, Lord Stanley.  
Already in the breeze I scent  
The whiff of coming devilment ;  
Of strife, to me more stirring far  
Than the' Opium or the Sulphur war,  
Or any such drug ferments are.

Yes — sweeter to this Tory soul  
 Than all such pests, from pole to pole,  
 Is the rich, “swelter’d venom” got  
 By stirring Ireland’s “charmed pot;” \*  
 And, thanks to practice on that land,  
 I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou’lt see, when forth hath gone  
 The War-Church cry, “On, Stanley, on!”  
 How Caravats and Shanavests  
 Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,  
 With all their merry moonlight brothers,  
 To whom the Church (*step*-dame to others)  
 Hath been the best of nursing mothers.  
 Again o’er Erin’s rich domain  
 Shall Rockites and right reverends reign;  
 And both, exempt from vulgar toil,  
 Between them share that titheful soil;  
 Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,  
 The post of Captain, or of Primate.

And so, long life to Church and Co. —  
 Hurrah for mischief! — here we go.

“Swelter’d venom, sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot.”

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD  
LYNDHURST.

DEAR Lyndhurst, — you 'll pardon my making thus  
free, —

But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as we,  
Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public, may  
drive at,

Have both the same praiseworthy object, in pri-  
vate —

Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,  
Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant of  
quiet,

But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught  
her

To love more than meat, drink, or clothing — *hot*  
*water.*

All the diff'rence betwixt you and me, as I take it,  
Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it;  
And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two  
Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do;  
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,  
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.  
Not Birmingham's self — to her shame be it spoken —  
E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;  
And hence, I confess, in this island religious,  
The breakage of laws — and of heads *is* prodigious.

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER  
MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,  
And, better still, a man of guineas,  
To talk of "patrons," in these times,  
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,  
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page  
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no — those times are past away,  
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,  
The bard inscrib'd to lords his lay, —  
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.  
No more he begs, with air dependent,  
His "little bark may sail attendant"  
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;  
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,  
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,  
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail  
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,  
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd  
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd  
With proper book-making machinery,  
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,

And one may be hung up on t' other, henceforth,  
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors  
were worth.

But we must not despair — ev'n already Hope sees  
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze  
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,  
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right  
through,

And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,  
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows,  
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare  
My own small resources with thine to compare :  
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst  
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear Lynd-  
hurst.

But, hark, there s a shot! — some parsonic practi-  
tioner?

No — merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner ;  
The Courts having now, with true law erudition,  
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."

As seldom, in *this* way, I'm any man's debtor,  
I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.  
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks !  
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks !  
Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,  
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers !

'Stead of frequenting paths so slippery  
 As her old haunts near Aganippe,  
 The Muse, now, taking to the till,  
 Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill  
 (Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,  
 As seen from bard's back attic windows) ;  
 And swallowing there without cessation  
 Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,  
 Touches the *notes* for each new theme,  
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 Is the vast power of Puff on shore ;  
 Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
 Before the present ev'n commences ;  
 And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us  
 Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song  
 Drove his own two-horse team along,  
 Carrying inside a bard or two,  
 Book'd for posterity "all through ;" —  
 Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,  
 (Like yours, my friend,) for after-times —  
 So slow the pull to Fame's abode,  
 That folks oft slept upon the road ; —  
 And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,  
 Took to his nightcap on the way.\*

\* Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. — HORAT.

In short, he's all right ; and, if mankind's old foe,  
My " Lord Harry " himself — who's the leader, we  
know,

Of another red-hot Opposition, below —  
If that " Lord," in his well-known discernment, but  
spares

Me and Lyndhurst, to look after Ireland's affairs,  
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,  
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already — long life to such Big-wigs, say I,  
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die —  
He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech  
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach ;  
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,  
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike ;  
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,  
The lawyer's cool craft with the' incendiary's fire,  
And enlists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,  
Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner !

Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die ;  
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly ;  
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd  
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,  
Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,  
But " *You're aliens in language, in creed, and in  
blood ;*"

While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,  
Shall answer like true *Irish* echoes, " We are ! "



And, though false be the cry, and though sense must  
 abhor it,  
 Still the' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,  
 And nought Lyndhurst cares for my spread of  
 dominion  
 So he, in the end, touches cash "for the' *opinion*."

But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,  
 Being busy in helping these Lords through their *roc*.  
 They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they  
 begin,  
 They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.

**THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;**

**BEING A SEQUEL**

**TO THE**

**"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."**



## PREFACE.

---

THE name of the country town, in England — a well-known fashionable watering-place — in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I, —  
Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone  
by ;

As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd  
sport,

Some rector—a cool hand at pistols and port,  
Who “keeps dry” his *powder*, but never *himself*—  
One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,  
Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-  
cartridges,

Shooting his "dearly beloved," like partridges ; —  
Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,  
Or, the' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe-writs \*  
about —

A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,  
Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and bat-  
tery ;

So neat, that even *I* might be proud, I allow,  
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a *row* ;—  
Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,  
I was actually growing the dullest of men ;  
And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,  
Might have snor'd myself down to a Justice of Peace.  
Like you, Reformation in Church and in State  
Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate.  
If once these curst Ministers do as they like,  
All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my  
pike,

\* Exchequer tithe processes, served under a commission of rebellion. — *Chronicle*.

And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,  
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors  
were worth.

But we must not despair — ev'n already Hope sees  
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze  
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,  
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right  
through,

And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,  
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows,  
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare  
My own small resources with thine to compare :  
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst  
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear Lynd-  
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But, hark, there s a shot! — some parsonic practi-  
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No — merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner ;  
The Courts having now, with true law erudition,  
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."  
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I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.  
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks !  
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks !  
Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,  
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers !

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.\*

HERE I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once  
 more,  
 Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been before :—  
 For, bless them ! if 'twasn't for this wrong-headed  
 crew,  
 You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to  
 do ;  
 So ready they're always, when dull we are growing,  
 To set our old concert of discord a-going,  
 While Lyndhurst's the lad, with his Tory-Whig  
 face,  
 To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*.  
 I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was begin-  
 ning  
 To tire of his course of political sinning,  
 And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was past,  
 Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last.  
 But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly de-  
 rides  
 All reform in himself as in most things besides ;  
 And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,  
 Has acquir'd face sufficient for *any* thing now.

\* The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock.

In short, he's all right ; and, if mankind's old foe,  
My " Lord Harry " himself — who's the leader, we  
know,

Of another red-hot Opposition, below —  
If that " Lord," in his well-known discernment, but  
spares

Me and Lyndhurst, to look after Ireland's affairs,  
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,  
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already — long life to such Big-wigs, say I,  
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die —  
He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech  
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach ;  
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,  
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike ;  
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,  
The lawyer's cool craft with the incendiary's fire,  
And eplists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,  
Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner !

Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die ;  
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly ;  
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd  
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,  
Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,  
But " *You're aliens in language, in creed, and in  
blood ;*"

While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,  
Shall answer like true *Irish* echoes, " We are ! "



And, though false be the cry, and though sense must  
 abhor it,  
 Still the' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,  
 And nought Lyndhurst cares for my spread of  
 dominion  
 So he, in the end, touches cash "for the' *opinion*."

But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,  
 Being busy in helping these Lords through their *roc*.  
 They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they  
 begin,  
 They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.



**THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;**

**BEING A SEQUEL**

**TO THE**

**"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."**



## PREFACE.

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THE name of the country town, in England — a well-known fashionable watering-place — in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.



## THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

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### LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD  
CURATE OF ———, IN IRELAND.

WHO d'ye think we've got here? — quite reformed  
from the giddy,

Fantastic young thing, that once made such a  
noise —

Why, the famous Miss Fudge — that delectable  
Biddy,

Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,  
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs —

Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;  
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,

And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.  
Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off — gone, as charity judges,  
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;  
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations  
From some much-revered and much-palsied relations,  
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet, —  
Age thirty or thereabouts — stature six feet,  
And warranted godly — to make all complete.

*Nota bene* — a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,  
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your ambition?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man  
of pith,  
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition, —

Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.

Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!  
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now*  
watch,

To save Bidy Fudge's is all you need do;  
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,  
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual  
self,

Should thus generously lay my own claims on the  
shelf,

When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman  
yet

So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,  
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her  
With tender love-suit — at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,  
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:

Miss Fudge hath a niece — such a creature! — with  
eyes

Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-  
night skies

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight  
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure — oh, bring all the gracefulest  
things

That are borne through the light air by feet or by  
wings,

Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,  
Which combines in itself the perfection of each ;

While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,  
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to  
bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aërial  
(And *only* of such) am, God help me ! a builder ;  
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,  
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,  
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.\*

But, alas ! nothing's perfect on earth — even she,

This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes ;  
Talks learning — looks wise (rather painful to see),  
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes ;

\* That floor which a facetious garreteer called "le premier  
en descendant du ciel."



And raves — the sweet, charming, absurd little dear !  
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,  
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends  
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends ;  
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,  
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let 's hope for the best — and, meanwhile,  
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile ;  
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant  
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt.  
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a  
lack,

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,  
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,  
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to re-  
lease ye !

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,  
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per  
Cents. ?

While her acres ! — oh Dick, it don't matter one  
pin

How she touches the' affections, so *you* touch the  
rents ;

And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless  
him, he

Sings to an old lady's purse " Open, Sesame."

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,  
Which, if true, will insure for your visit some sport.

'Tis rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak  
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next  
week ;

And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set  
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, a summerset.  
'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot  
come,

Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home ; \*  
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity  
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity ; —  
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately  
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.†

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,  
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see ;  
And, 'mong the Five Points of the Calvinists, none  
of 'em

Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em.  
But ev'n though depriv'd of this comical elf,  
We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,

\* See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

† "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God." — *Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech June 20, in the Record Newspaper.*

Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and  
 mime,  
 As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sub-*  
*lime* ; \*  
 And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in  
 time.



## LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,  
 With godly concernments—and worldly ones, too;  
 Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,  
 In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,  
 'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I  
 do.

First I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,  
 Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has  
 had down.

Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,  
 Charming hats, *pou de soie*—though the shape  
 rather droll.

But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,  
 With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face ;

\* In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty*  
 Tumbling."



And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,  
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heav'nly : — I'm glad, too, to say,  
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every  
day ;

Hath had sweet experience — yea, ev'n doth begin  
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin —  
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.  
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,  
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit  
I've had since we met, and they're more than I  
merit! —

Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,  
Though ordain'd (God knows why) 'to be one of the'  
Elect.

But now for the picture's reverse. — You remember  
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December ;  
*He*, a Baptist Particular — *she*, of some sect  
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect ;  
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,  
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the  
Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist  
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest ;  
And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in  
Sweet savours of doctrine there never was kitchen.

He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,  
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.

All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,  
But above all, the cook-maid ; — oh, ne'er would she  
tire —

Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire  
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.  
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of  
piety ! —

A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)  
But ah ! there remains still the worst of my tale ;  
Come, Ast'isks, and help me the sad truth to veil —  
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,  
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,  
Have together this last week eloped ; making bold  
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could  
hold —

[shelves,

Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my  
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,  
And besides, from the drawer — I neglecting to lock  
it —

My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket." \*

\* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Al-

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear  
Liz?

It has made me quite ill:— and the worst of it is,  
When rogues are *all* pious, 'tis hard to detect  
*Which* rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.  
This man "had a *call*," he said— impudent mockery!  
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase  
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.  
The inclos'd two announcements have just met my  
eyes,

In that ven'erable Monthly where Saints advertise  
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies; \*  
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made  
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.

ready, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides  
tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning*  
*learning the same verse.*

\* The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at  
random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical  
will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here  
given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawnbroker's family, an  
active lad as an apprentices." "Wanted, as housemaid, a  
young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of  
the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety,  
to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who under-  
stands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership,  
etc, etc. He is not desirous of being connected with any one  
whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in  
the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious  
man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

Where the' attorney requires for his 'prentice some  
youth

Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the  
truth ;"

Where the sempstress, in search of employment,  
declares,

That pay is no object, so she can have prayers ;  
And the' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives  
out

That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,  
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages ;  
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,  
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,  
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock  
All lay in religion as part of their stock.\*

\* According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."

*Morning Watch.* — No. iii. 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced." — No. x. p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was pro-

Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,  
 When thus thro' all London the Spirit keeps moving,  
 And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement  
 Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs — can't stop to look,  
 But both describe charming — both Footman and  
 Cook.

She, "decidedly pious" — with pathos deplores  
 The' increase of French cook'ry, and sin on our  
 shores;

And adds — (while for further accounts she refers  
 To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,) —  
 That "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere  
 matter-of-fun days,

She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."  
 The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge; —  
 Has late been to Cambridge — to Trinity College;  
 Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,  
 But left — not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps  
 Of my Journal — that Day-book I keep of my  
 heart;

vided with more than one presiding Deity — "Deæ Pecuniæ  
 (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."



Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,  
 More of earth than of heaven,) thy prud'ry may  
 start,  
 And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.  
 For the present, I'm mute — but, whate'er may  
 befall,  
 Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4,) St. Paul  
 Hath himself declar'd, "marriage is honourable in  
 all."



## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

*Monday.*

TRIED a new châlé gown on — pretty.  
 No one to see me in it — pity!  
 Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid; —  
 The Lord forgive me! — she look'd dismay'd;  
 But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,  
 While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.  
 Nothing so soothes a Christian heart  
 As sacred music — heavenly art!

*Tuesday.*

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan —  
 A remarkably handsome, nice young man;  
 And, all Hibernian though he be,  
 As civiliz'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state  
 Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;

And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,  
To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I nought can do or say,  
But that troublesome child is in the way :  
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he

Would also her absence much prefer,  
As oft, while listening intent to me,  
He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho ! — what a blessing should Mr. Magan  
Turn out, after all, a “ renewed ” young man ;  
And to me should fall the task, on earth,  
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.  
Blest thought ! and, ah, more blest the tie,  
Were it heaven's high will, that he and I —  
But I blush to write the nuptial word —  
Should wed, as St. Paul says, “ in the Lord ; ”  
Not *this* world's wedlock — gross, gallant,  
But pure — as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ — but who would count  
One's natural sinful life's amount,  
Or look in the Register's vulgar page  
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,  
Who, blessed privilege ! only then  
Begins to live when he's born again.

And, counting in *this* way — let me see —  
I myself but five years old shall be,

And dear Magan, when the' event takes place,  
An actual new-born child of grace —  
Should Heav'n in mercy so dispose —  
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

*Wednesday.*

Finding myself, by some good fate,  
With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,  
Had just begun — having stirr'd the fire,  
And drawn my chair near his — to inquire  
What his notions were of Original Sin,  
When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd in ;  
And all the sweet things I had got to say  
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away !

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan  
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan !  
What charms any sensible man can see  
In a child so foolishly young as she —  
But just eighteen, come next May-day,  
With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play —  
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW; OR, WHY? — WHAT? — HOW?

DARK comrade of my path! while earth and sky  
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,  
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,  
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade —  
Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, mid these flowery scenes,  
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,  
Sadd'ning them as thou goest — say, what means  
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot —  
Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,  
Thou bendest, too — then risest when I rise; —  
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou  
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies —  
Dim shadow, HOW?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge  
Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager cried,

Oh Why? What? How? — a Voice, that one might  
judge

To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,  
Oh, fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;  
And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"  
Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,  
And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's; — a  
Most cruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,  
And part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are  
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-ey'd strain,  
Just so did they taunt him; — but vain, critics, vain  
All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!  
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,  
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!  
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I  
indite,  
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or  
right,  
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards  
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards —  
That *she* should make light of my works I can't  
blame;  
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan — what a  
shame!



Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I  
rate him,

I'm really afraid — after all, I — *must* hate him.

He is *so* provoking — nought's safe from his tongue ;

He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.

Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou

Once shone as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you !

He laughs at *all* Monthlies — I've actually seen

A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine ! —

While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he  
peruses,

And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.

But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,

*One* spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer ;

And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall  
burn as

Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace !

(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "crucible,"

Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear — to tell you a secret which, pray

Only trust to such friends as with safety you may —

You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects

(Though the Editor often my best things rejects),

That the verses signed *so*, ~~as~~, which you now and  
then see

In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me.

But 't is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes

The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—  
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must  
print;

And you can't think what havoc these demons some-  
times

Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of  
one's rhymes.

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,  
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,  
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown  
roses,"

The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"  
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had  
tried

To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just  
died,

Having said he "had tak'n up in heav'n his posi-  
tion,"

They made it, he'd "tak'n up to heav'n his physi-  
cian!"

This is very disheartening;—but brighter days  
shine,

I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;  
For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,

Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news pre-  
pare—

I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear,  
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're  
there!!

T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance  
 With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,  
 Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and  
     then caught,  
 Was the author of *something* — one couldn't tell  
     what ;  
 But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt  
 It was something that Colburn had lately brought  
     out.

We convers'd of *belles-lettres* through all the quad-  
     rille, —

Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still ;  
 Talk'd of Intellect's march — whether right 'twas or  
     wrong —

And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.

In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just  
     hinted

That *I* too had Poems which — long'd to be printed,  
 He protested, kind man ! he had seen, at first sight,  
 I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.

“In the Annals of England let some,” he said, “shine,

“But a place in her Annals, Lady, be thine !

“Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,

“Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those  
     eyes, —

“All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size !”

How *unlike* that Magan, who my genius would  
     smother,

And how we, true geniuses, find out each other !



This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied  
glance

One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the  
dance ;

Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year,

In this exquisite task I my pen should engage ;  
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my  
ear

These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,  
“Terms for rhyme — if it's *prime* — ten and six-  
pence per page.”

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,  
What a mint of half-guineas this small head con-  
tains ;

If for nothing to write is itself a delight,  
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains !

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,  
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran ;  
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear,  
I've found

That he's quite a new species of lit'rary man ;  
One, whose task is — to what will not fashion accus-  
tom us ? —

To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.  
For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest ! —  
If any young he or she author feels modest  
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher  
Lends promptly a hand to the int'resting blusher ;  
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,



Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,  
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.  
My Aunt says — though scarce on such points one  
can credit her —

He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.  
'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented ;

And, quick as the change of all things and all  
names is,

Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,  
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's ?

I must now close my letter — there's Aunt, in full  
screech,

Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite  
preach.

God forgive me, I'm not much inclin'd, I must say,  
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.

And, besides — 'twill be all against dancing, no  
doubt,

Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred de-  
vout,

That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a  
head,

For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,  
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.

There, again — coming, Ma'am ! — I'll write more,  
if I can,

Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan.

*Four o'clock.*

Such a sermon! — though *not* about dancing, my dear;

'Twas only on the' end of the world being near.  
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some  
state

As the time for that accident — some Forty Eight: \*  
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,  
As then I shall be an old maid, and 't won't matter.  
Once more, love, good-bye — I've to make a new  
cap;

But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap  
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.



#### LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

HE comes from Erin's speechful shore  
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er  
With hot effusions — hot and weak;  
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,  
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms  
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

\* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,\*  
 Twin prozers, Watchman and Record!  
 Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,  
 Being much too good to sell in this.  
 Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,  
 Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;  
 And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,  
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.  
 He comes, the reverend man, to tell  
 To all who still the Church's part take,  
 Tales of parsonic woe, that well  
 Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache:—  
 Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away  
 For ever from the light of day;  
 (With God knows, too, how many more,  
 For whom that doom is yet in store)—  
 Of Rectors cruelly compell'd  
 From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,  
 Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,  
 Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;  
 Nor will the flocks consent to pay  
 Their parsons thus to stay away;—  
 Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt  
 If 'tis'n't money well laid out;—  
 Of all, in short, and each degree  
 Of that once happy Hierarchy,  
 Which us'd to roll in wealth so pleasantly;

\* "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."  
 — *Record Newspaper*.

But now, alas, is doom'd to see  
 Its surplus brought to nonplus presently !

Such are the themes this man of pathos,  
 Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,  
 Will preach and preach t'ye, till you're dull  
 again,  
 Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,  
 Shout to the stars his tuneful name,  
 Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,  
 But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan !

All true, Dick, true as you're alive —  
 I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.  
 Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant —  
 And Tuesday, in the market-place,  
 Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,  
 To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case ;  
 Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop, —  
 Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,  
 And all those other grades seraphic,  
 That make men's souls their special traffic,  
 Though caring not a pin *which* way  
 The' erratic souls go, so they *pay*. —  
 Just as some roguish country nurse,  
 Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,  
 First pops the payment in her purse,  
 Then leaves poor dear to — suck its knuckle .  
 Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles  
 Pocket the money — starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,  
Will tell, next week, a different story ;  
Will make out all these men of barter,  
As each a saint, a downright martyr,  
Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,  
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one ;  
Though try them ev'n at this, they'll bear it,  
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,  
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns —  
(A Viscount, be he what he may,  
Would cut a saint out, any day,)  
Has just announc'd a godly rout,  
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,  
And shown in his tame, *week-day* state :—  
“ Pray'rs half-past seven, tea at eight.”  
Ev'n so the circular missive orders —  
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick — you're lost, if you lose time ; —  
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,  
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,  
Will surely carry off old Biddy,  
Unless some spark at once propose,  
And distance him by downright prose.  
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands  
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,  
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories !)  
Is dying of *angina pectoris* ; —

So that, unless you 're stirring soon,  
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,  
May come in for a honey-moon,  
And be the *man* of it, himself!

As for *me*, Dick — 'tis whim, 'tis folly,  
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.  
'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker —  
Would rhyme all nature, if you 'd let her; —  
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,  
But make me love her all the better.  
*Too* true it is, she's bitten sadly  
With this new rage for rhyming badly,  
Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and classes,  
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"  
Till one pursuit all tastes combines —  
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,  
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,  
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,  
And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.  
Add to all this — what's ev'n still worse,  
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,  
Sounds better to a chinking purse —  
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,  
While I can muster just a groat;  
So that, computing self and Venus,  
Tenpence would clear the' amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better: —  
Meantime, what awful length of letter!



And how, while heaping thus with gibes  
The Pegasus of modern scribes,  
My own small hobby of farrago  
Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go !

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## LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE  
JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a lettther,  
By mail-coach conveyance — for want of a bettther —  
To tell you what luck in this world I have had  
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.  
Och, Judy, that night ! — when the pig which we  
    meant  
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,  
Julianna, the craythur — that name was the death  
    of her — \*  
Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her !  
And *there* were the childher, six innocent sows,  
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls ;  
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a  
    folly),  
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy —

\* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.



Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,  
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowld you, my  
honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure  
enough,

As the pig was desaiced, 't was high time to be off.  
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,  
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the  
thatch,

Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,  
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark;  
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!  
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,  
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,  
Is, at this present writin', too tadioous to speak,  
So I'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week:—  
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,  
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,  
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,  
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street—  
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the  
pound starlins,)

Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.  
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry  
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;  
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in the air,  
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there,

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,  
 And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.  
 For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I'd just had  
 Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,  
 Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutter,  
 That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the  
                   gutther,

Muff, feathers and all! — the descint was most  
                   awful,

And — what was still worse, faith — I knew 't was  
                   unlawful:

For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,  
 T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!  
 So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,  
 (For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)  
 Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"  
 I tuk to my heels and — here, Judy, I am!

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,  
 But your heart sure will jump when you hear what  
                   befell

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,  
 (And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)  
 When his brogues to this city of luck found their  
                   way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,  
 Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,  
 I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,  
 And read there a name, och! that made my heart  
                   caper —

Though printed it was in some quare A B C,  
 That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone *me*.  
 By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've but  
     listen'd,  
 As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is*! — no, it *isn't*."  
 But it *was*, after all — for, by spellin' quite slow,  
 First I made out "Rev. Mortimer" — then a great  
     "O ;"

And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull  
     again,  
 Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that  
     name, —

Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.  
 "Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world  
     over !

My own fosther-brother — by jinks, I'm in clover.  
 Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,  
*One* wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,  
 And he'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt  
 But I manag'd, in no time, to find the lad out ;  
 And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,  
 Such a pair of owld cumrogues — was charmin' to see  
 Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with the' evint than *I am*,  
 As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham ;  
 And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t'other,  
 Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case ;  
 And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place.  
 'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,  
 With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago ;  
 That's to say, he turn'd Protestant — *why*, I can't  
     larn ;

But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.  
 All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,  
 And myself am so still — nayther betther nor worse.  
 Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,  
 And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,  
 When Murthagh — or Morthimer, as he's *now*  
     chrishen'd,

His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* isn't —  
 Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)  
 " *Of coorse*, you're a Protestant, Larry," says he.  
 Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,  
 "Is't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, sir," says I ; —  
 And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word  
 Controversial between us has since then occurr'd.  
 What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy dear,  
 What *I myself* meant, does n't seem mighty clear ;  
 But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a  
     stickler,

I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar : —  
 And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair  
 Of twin Protestants could n't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,  
 Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd,)

His riverence, my master, comes forward to preach,—  
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech,  
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each;  
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations  
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht!—there's his Rividence, shoutin' out  
“Larry,”

And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;  
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,  
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and  
betther,

But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town  
Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down.  
So good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love  
her;

Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all  
over—

Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey  
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.  
The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write when I  
can again,

Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

## LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

How I grieve you're not with us ! — pray, come, if  
 you can,  
 Ere we're robb'd of this dear, oratorical man,  
 Who combines in himself all the multiple glory  
 Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory ; —  
 (Choice mixture ! like that from which, duly con-  
 founded,  
 The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compound-  
 ed) —  
 The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,  
 All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly !  
 In short, he's a *dear* — and *such* audiences draws,  
 Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,  
 As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church ! — he to-day sketch'd a  
 view  
 Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,  
 And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse  
 The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.  
 As to *reasoning* — you know, dear, that's now of no  
 use,  
 People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,  
 As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were  
 A thing to be managed "according to Cocker !"

In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector  
 At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,  
 In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)  
 "Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born  
 there ?

And granting such accident, think, what a shame,  
 If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they  
 came !

It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,  
 These little Church embryos *must* go astray ;  
 And, while fools are computing what Parsons would  
 cost,

Precious souls are meanwhile to the' Establishment  
 lost !

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus ; —  
 They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,  
 And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own road,  
 Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,  
 Is it right that *seven* eighths of the trav'lers should  
 pay

For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way ?" —  
 Just as if, foolish people, this was n't, in reality,  
 A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,  
 That, though hating Pop'ry in *other* respects,  
 She to Catholic *money* in no way objects ;  
 And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,  
 That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,  
 People cannot or *will* not their cogency see ;

And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church  
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.  
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,  
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've  
here, [reading,  
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and  
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,  
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,  
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,  
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last ;  
Considering how strange its original birth —  
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth —  
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and the force  
Of nature and reason has been its whole course ;  
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resist-  
ance.

Scorn, hate, execration — yet still in existence !  
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws  
Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her  
laws —

That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,  
And before the portentous anom'y stands mute ;—  
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle !— and, *once* begun,  
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,  
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on.*

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,  
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.



For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,  
The more they make out the miraculous case,  
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane

To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond  
doubt

That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,  
As clear and well-prov'd, he would venture to swear,  
As any thing else has been *ever* found there : —  
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he  
deals

With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,  
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,  
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

So much for theology : — as for the' affairs  
Of this temporal world — the light, drawing-room  
cares

And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,  
From no love of such things, but in humbleness  
meek,

And to be, as the' Apostle was, "weak with the  
weak,"

Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less  
busy)

In the' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

*Thursday.*

LAST night, having nought more holy to do,  
 Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,  
 About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"  
 Which we wish by some shorter name to dub :—  
 As the use of more vowels and consonants  
 Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,  
 Is a grievance that ought to be done away,  
 And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

*Sunday.*

Sir Andrew's answer! — but, shocking to say,  
 Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,  
 To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,  
 It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!! —  
 How shocking! — the postman's self cried "shame  
           on 't,"  
 Seeing the' immaculate Andrew's name on 't!!  
 What will the Club do? — meet, no doubt.  
 'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,  
 And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

*Tuesday.*

Saw to-day, at the raffle — and saw it with pain —  
 That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.  
 Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces —  
 She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of  
           flounces,

And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,  
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being  
frights.

This, I own, much alarms me ; for though one's  
religious,  
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be  
hideous ;  
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way  
Of one's going to heav'n, 'tisn't easy to say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if her custom  
we drop,

Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop ?  
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,  
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven ;  
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the  
burning,"

May fall in again at the very next turning.

*Wednesday.*

*Mem.*—To write to the India-Mission Society ;  
And send £20—heavy tax upon piety !

Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast, [most.  
Making "Company's Christians" \* perhaps costs the  
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,  
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*,†

\* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen  
as become converts.

† Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the ac-  
counts of the Missionaries.

Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,  
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and  
whey.\*

Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all's thrown  
away;

And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice  
They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the  
price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save a few —  
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;  
Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,  
While but one and a half's left at Cooroopadum.

In this last-mention'd place 'tis the barbers enslave  
'em,

For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave  
'em.†

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,  
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,‡ are tack'd to the'  
account.

\* The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu.  
"One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's playfellows complained  
to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds."

† "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it.  
He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will  
not shave Yesoo Kreest's people." — *Bapt. Mission Society*, vol.  
ii. p. 493.

‡ In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are  
almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have ex-  
tended my labours, (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831,)  
to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics." "The

And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far,  
 Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are ;  
 And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,  
*One* Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

*Friday.*

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,  
 I cannot resist recording it here. —  
 Methought that the Genius of Matrimony  
 Before me stood, with a joyous leer,  
 Leading a husband in each hand,  
 And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer ; —  
*One* I could perfectly understand,  
 But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.  
 'T was meant, however, I soon could see,  
 To afford me a *choice* — a most excellent plan ;  
 And — who should this brace of candidates be,  
 But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan : —  
 A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,  
 To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen ! —  
 That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his  
                   shoulders  
 (For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest),  
 And quite a creature to dazzle beholders ;  
 While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest  
 As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.  
 Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt  
 As to *which* of the two I singled out.

Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1832) are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to, the force of truth."

But — awful to tell — when, all in dread  
 Of losing so bright a vision's charms,  
 I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,  
 Like a mist, away, and I found but the head  
 Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms !  
 The Angel had flown to some nest divine,  
 And the elderly Cherub alone was mine !  
 Heigho ! — it is certain that foolish Magan  
 Either can't or *won't* see that he *might* be the man ;  
 And, perhaps, dear — who knows ? — if nought bet-  
 ter befall  
 But — O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,  
 For the special discussion of matters devout ; —  
 Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt,\* so justly re-  
 nown'd, [round ;  
 For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went

\* An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company : — "*Monday evening, Six o'clock, September 24, 1832.* — 'An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz.' etc. etc. — *Wednesday.* — 'Should we expect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will he be revealed?' etc. etc. — *Friday.* — 'What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*' " etc.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points

Those theology-routs which the pious Lord Roden,  
 That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in ;  
 Where, blessed down-pouring ! \* from tea until nine,  
 The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line ; —  
 Then, supper — and then, if for topics hard driven,  
 From thence until bed-time to Satan was given ;  
 While Roden, deep read in each topic and tome,  
 On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the *Christian Herald*: —

“ On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much perhaps, upon the Revelations; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any ‘accommodation,’ or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed.”

\* “ About eight o’clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us — for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o’clock.” — Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, (dated Fernicary, April 4, 1830,) giving an account of her “miraculous cure.”

## LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

## IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,  
 While yet, beneath some northern sky,  
 Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,  
 They wait the breath of summer hours,  
 To wake to light each diamond eye,  
 And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,  
 From out those deep primeval caves,  
 Where from the dawn of Time they've lain —  
 THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN! —  
 Untaught as yet, young things, to speak  
 The language of their PARENT SEA.  
 (Polyphlysbæan \* nam'd, in Greek),  
 Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,  
 Round startled isle and wondering peak,  
 They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,  
 Young fires —

If you guess what this word means, 't is more than I can: —  
 I but give 't as I got it from Mr. Magan.




I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,  
 Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,  
 But, having invok'd such a lot of fine things,  
 Flowers, billows, and thunderbolts, rainbows and  
 wings,  
 Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got  
 'em.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,  
 Of past MSS. any new ones to try.  
 This very night's coach brings my destiny in it —  
 Decides the great question, to live or to die !  
 And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,  
 All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co. !

You'll think, love, I rave, so 't is best to let out  
 The whole secret, at once — I have publish'd a  
 Book !!!

Yes, an actual Book : — if the marvel you doubt,  
 You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,  
 And you'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins  
 and Co.

A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled ' Woe, Woe !'  
 By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly  
 so ."

This I put that my friends may 'nt be left in the dark,  
 But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,  
 Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear,  
 believe ;

Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,  
Looking out for the Magnet,\* explain it, dear girl.  
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense  
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence —  
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble  
ambition

Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,) —  
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,  
I've manag'd, to scrape up, this year past, by stinting  
My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,  
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse !

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?  
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?  
Yards of riband soon end — but the measures of  
rhyme,  
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through  
all time.

Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,  
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,  
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,  
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk — and, alas !  
My poor copyright too — into other hands pass ;  
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County  
Gazette "  
(The only Mæcænas I've ever had yet),

\* A day-coach of that name.

He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,  
 Is now set up by them for the rest of his days ;  
 And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology"  
     says)  
 Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much  
     sweeter  
 To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre !

As for *puffing* — that first of all lit'rary boons,  
 And essential alike both to bards and balloons  
 As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found  
 Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the  
     ground ; —

In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall ;  
 As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)  
 Knows the whole world of critics — the *hypers*  
     and all.

I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,  
 Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time ;  
 As I've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among  
     Gnostics,  
 That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acros-  
     tics.

But hark ! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from  
     Town —  
 How my heart, Kitty, beats ! I shall surely drop  
     down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,  
 All full of my book — I shall sink when I see 'em.

And then the great point — whether Simpkins and  
Co.  
Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no! —

*Five o'clock.*

All's delightful — such praises! — I really fear  
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear,  
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps —  
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician  
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;  
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition  
(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),  
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of  
feeding.  
Satires irritate — love-songs are found calorific;  
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,  
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.  
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we  
know,  
Is a volume just published by Simpkins and Co.,  
Where all such ingredients — the flowery, the sweet,  
And the gently narcotic — are mix'd *per* receipt,  
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation  
To say that — 'bove all, for the young generation —  
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

*Nota bene* — for readers, whose object's *to sleep*,  
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep  
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

## ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of \* \* \* 's rout,  
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.  
It was said that Lord —, at the Council, that day,  
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like  
a rocket,  
And flown to a corner, where — heedless, they say,  
How the country's resources were squander'd away—  
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his  
pocket.  
Some thought them despatches from Spain or the  
Turk,  
Others swore they brought word we had lost the  
Mauritius;  
But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,  
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal ex-  
peditious —  
Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all delay,  
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,  
He had distanc'd the whole reading world by a day!

## LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

*Tuesday evening.*

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,  
 I could not come to \* \* \* to meet you ;  
 But this curst gout wo'n't let me stir —  
 Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you ;  
 As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,  
 Owes all to an amanuensis.  
 Most other scourges of disease  
 Reduce men to *extremities* —  
 But gout wo'n't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see  
 That you and I will quite agree.  
 I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,  
 And trust you'll think me not uncivil,  
 When I declare that, from my youth,  
 I've wish'd your country at the devil :  
 Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all  
 I've heard of your high patriot fame —  
 From every word your lips let fall —  
 That you most truly wish the same.  
 It plagues one's life out — thirty years  
 Have I had dinning in my ears,

“Ireland wants this, and that, and t’other,”  
And, to this hour, one nothing hears  
But the same vile, eternal bother.  
While, of those countless things she wanted,  
Thank God, but little has been granted,  
And ev’n that little, if we’re men  
And Britons, we’ll have back again !

I really think that Catholic question  
Was what brought on my indigestion ;  
And still each year, as Popery’s curse  
Has gather’d round us, I’ve got worse ;  
Till ev’n my pint of port a day  
Can’t keep the Pope and bile away.  
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,  
I never wanted draught or pill,  
The settling of that cursed question  
Has quite *unsettled* my digestion.

Look what has happen’d since — the Elect  
Of all the bores of every sect,  
The chosen triers of men’s patience,  
From all the Three Denominations,  
Let loose upon us ; — even Quakers  
Turn’d into speechers and law-makers,  
Who’ll move no question, stiff-rump’d elves,  
Till first the Spirit moves themselves ;  
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,  
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,  
Will soon to death’s own slumber snore us.

Then, too, those Jews! — I really sicken  
 To think of such abomination;  
 Fellows, who wo'n't eat ham with chicken,  
 To legislate for this great nation! —  
 Depend upon't, when once they've sway,  
 With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,  
 Th' Excise laws will be done away,  
 And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear sir, look where one will,  
 Things all go on so devilish ill,  
 That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear  
 Our reverend Rector may be right,  
 Who tells me the Millennium's near;  
 Nay, swears he knows the very year,  
 And regulates his leases by't —  
 Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,  
 Before the world's own lease is out.  
 He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended  
 So much more soon than was intended,  
 Purely to scourge those men of sin  
 Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.\*

However, let's not yet despair;  
 Though Toryism's eclips'd, at present,

\* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.*" No. x. p. 373.



And — like myself, in this old chair —  
 Sits in a state by no means pleasant;  
 Feet crippled — hands, in luckless hour,  
 Disabled of their grasping power;  
 And all that rampant glee, which revell'd  
 In this world's sweets, bedull'd, bedevill'd —  
 Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,  
 And both in Chair of Penance set,  
 There's something tells me, all's not o'er  
 With Toryism or Bobby yet;  
 That though, between us, I allow,  
 We've not a leg to stand on now;  
 Though curst Reform and *colchicum*  
 Have made us both look deuced glum,  
 Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,  
 Again we'll shine triumphant out!

Yes — back again shall come, egad,  
 Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.  
 And then, O'Mulligan — oh then,  
 When mounted on our nags again,  
 You, on your high-flown Rosinante,  
 Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee  
 (Glitter great from substance scanty); —  
 While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride  
 Your faithful Sancho, by your side;  
 Then — talk of tilts and tournaments!  
 Dam'me, we'll —

\* \* \* \* \*

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents  
 To Reverend Sir his compliments;

Is griev'd to say an accident  
Has just occur'd which will prevent  
The Squire — though now a little better—  
From finishing this present letter.  
Just when he'd got to "Dam'me, we'll ——  
His Honour, full of martial zeal,  
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able  
To keep his balance or his hold,  
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd  
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe — the table, chair, and crutch ; —  
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,  
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,  
Got bump'd consid'rably — that's all.  
At this no great alarm we feel,  
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

*Wednesday morning.*

Squire much the same — head rather light —  
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,  
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

## LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,  
 You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;  
 And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,  
 Could I manage to lave the contints of it out;  
 For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,  
 Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scrán to him!  
 That e'er I should come to've been sarvant-man to  
                   him,  
 Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,  
 And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the  
                   Flood  
 Was able to wash away clane from the earth)\*  
 As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's  
                   birth,  
 Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,  
 Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that's now all over — last night I gev warnin',  
 And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.

\* "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families — fellows that the Flood could not wash away."  
 — CONGREVE, *Love for Love*.

The thief of the world! — but it's no use balraggin' ; — \*

All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'  
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,  
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,  
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.  
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his  
phiz,

I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is ;  
For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,  
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off ;  
And it's pity, so 't is, that they hadn't got no man  
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their show-  
man —

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,

"How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is ;

"All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur o' the baste

"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, *at laste* ;

"And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,

"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.

\* To *balrag* is to abuse — Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national stories used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

"In regard of its *name* — why, in throth, I'm consarn'd

"To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,

"Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the craythur

"Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,  
Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall —  
Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin  
(Of th' owld bitter breed which they call Prosbe-  
tairin),

The fam'd Daddy C—ke — who, by gor, I'd have  
shown 'em

As proof how such bastes may be tam'd, when you've  
thrown 'em

A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*.\*

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,  
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,  
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', like  
mad,

We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.  
He says we're all murtherers — div'l a bit less —  
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,  
Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue, or by pen,  
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,

\* Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*; — a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

Faith, he said 't was all towld him by Docthor Den ! \*  
 " And who the div'l's *he* ? " was the question that flew  
 From Chrishtian to Chrishtian — but not a sowl  
 knew.

While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,  
 Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,  
 As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,  
 All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions, — †  
 Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,  
 And the innocent craythur that's at your breast,  
 All rogues together, in word and deed,  
 Owld Den our instructor and Sin our creed !

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,  
 Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.  
 Couldn't he call into coort some *livin'* men ?  
 " No, thank you " — he'd stick to Docthor Den —  
 An owld gintleman dead a century or two,  
 Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew ;  
 And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,  
 Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray !

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,  
 Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.

\* Correctly, Dens — Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

† The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests." — *Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee*. " The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft." — *Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly*.

Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climacterics,  
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics —  
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,  
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses*,  
"*Ris'n*" — but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it  
ye —

"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity* ;

"*And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity*,

"*Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!*" — \*

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,  
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight  
Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherumskite.

As for me, though a funny thought now and then  
came to me,

Rage got the betther at last — and small blame to  
me!

So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"

Says I bowldly "I'll make a noration myself."

And with that up I jumps — but, my darlint, the  
minit

I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.

\* "But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity*. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity* ; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity*." — Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such reverend ravings, "*Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?*"

Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,  
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone:—  
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate'er we've a  
hand in,  
At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong understandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should pursaive  
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,  
"In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd  
short—

Not a word more would come, though I shtruggled  
hard for't.

So, shnapping my fingers at what's call'd the Chair,  
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat  
there —

"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again —

"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer — *and* Docthor Den : " —

Upon which the whole company cried out "Amen;"  
And myself was in hopes 'twas to what *I* had said,  
But, by gor, no such thing—they were not so well  
bred: [out.]

For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read  
By way of fit finish to job so devout ;

That is — *afther* well damning one half the community,

To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

**This is all I can shtuff in this lettther, though plinty  
Of news, faith, I've got to fill more — if 't was twinty.**



But I'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,  
 (Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)  
 To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten  
     him)  
 Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisshin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his riv'rence — the job is all done —  
 By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!  
 And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do  
 With myself and my appetite — both good as new —  
 Without ev'n a single traneeen in my pocket,  
 Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it —  
 Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,  
 Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard  
     dhrove!

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#### LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV. ———.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,  
 By a safe, private hand I send  
 (Fearing lest some low Catholic wag  
 Should pry into the Letter-bag),  
 To tell you, far as pen can dare  
 How we, poor errant martyrs, fare; —  
 Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,  
 As Saints were, some few ages back,

But — scarce less trying in its way —  
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray ;  
To jokes, which Providence mysterious  
Permits on men and things so serious,  
Lowering the Church still more each minute,  
And — injuring our preferment in it.  
Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,  
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,  
    Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing ;  
And bear the eternal torturing play  
Of that great engine of our day,  
    Unknown to the' Inquisition — quizzing !

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks  
Aim'd at the *body* their attacks ;  
But modern torturers, more refin'd,  
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.  
Had St. Sebastian had the luck  
    With me to be a godly rover,  
Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck  
    With stings of ridicule all over ;  
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd  
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,  
Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,  
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,  
A *moral* roasting would have got.  
Nor should I (trying as all this is)  
    Much heed the suffering or the shame —  
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,  
    I long have known no other fame,

But that (as I may own to *you*,  
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)  
 No hope appears of fortune's beams  
 Shining on *any* of my schemes ;  
 No chance of something more *per ann.*  
 As supplement to K—llym—n ;  
 No prospect that, by fierce abuse  
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce  
 The rulers of this thinking nation  
 To rid us of Emancipation ;  
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,  
 And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time ! when wolves and priests  
 Alike were hunted, as wild beasts ;  
 And five pounds was the price, *per head*,  
 For bagging *either*, live or dead ; — \*  
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother  
 Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.  
 Finding thus all those schemes and hopes  
 I built upon my flowers and tropes  
 All scatter'd, one by one, away,  
 As flashy and unsound as they,  
 The question comes — what's to be done ?  
 And there's but one course left me — *one*.

\* " Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest — being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."

*Memoirs of Capt. Rock*, book i. chap. 10.

Heroes, when tir'd of war's alarms,  
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.  
The weary Day-God's last retreat is  
The breast of silv'ry footed Thetis ;  
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,  
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge !

Start not, my friend, — the tender scheme,  
Wild and romantic though it seem,  
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,  
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,  
So pleasing to a parson's eyes —  
That only *gilding* which the Muse  
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse ; —  
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,  
From wealthy Miss or benefice,  
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,  
So he can only make it *his*.  
There is but one slight damp I see  
Upon this scheme's felicity,  
And that is, the fair heroine's claim  
That I shall take *her* family name.  
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),  
I can't quite decently object,  
Having myself long chos'n to shine  
Conspicuous in the *alias* \* line ;

\* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "alias" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What

So that henceforth, by wife's decree,  
 (For Biddy from this point wo'n't budge)  
 Your old friend's new address must be  
 The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge* —  
 The "O" being kept, that all may see  
 We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,  
 My public life's calm Euthanasia.  
 Thus bid I long farewell to all  
 The freaks of Exeter's old Hall —  
 Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,  
 And rivalling its bears in breeding.  
 Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers —  
 The pray'r giv'n out, as grace,\* by speakers,  
 Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures :—  
 Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,  
 And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns :—  
 From each and all I now retire,  
 My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,  
 To bring up little filial Fudges,  
 To be M. P.s, and Peers, and Judges —  
*Parsons* I'd add too, if, alas!  
 There yet were hope the Church could pass

*other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."—*Life of Mallet.*

\* "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer."—*Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

The gulf now oped for hers and her,  
 Or long survive what *Exeter* —  
 Both Hall and Bishop, of that name —  
 Have done to sink her reverend fame.  
 Adieu, dear friend — you'll oft hear *from* me,  
 Now I'm no more a travelling drudge;  
 Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge  
 How well the surname will become me)  
 Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

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LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

———, *Ireland.*

DEAR DICK — just arriv'd at my own humble *gîte*,  
 I inclose you, post-haste, the account all complete,  
 Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

This place is getting gay and full again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"  
 The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,  
 Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,  
 (He, who the Lord's force lately led on —  
 Exeter Hall his *Armagh*-geddon,) \*

\* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in

To Miss B. Fudge of Pigsaw Place,  
 One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"  
 And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,  
 Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted —  
 Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"  
 In our Gazette, last week, we printed,  
 Elop'd with Pat. Magan, Esquire.  
 The fugitives were track'd, some time,  
 After they'd left the Aunt's abode,  
 By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,  
 Found strew'd along the Western road; —  
 Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,  
 Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.  
 This clue, however, to their flight,  
 After some miles was seen no more;  
 And, from inquiries made last night,  
 We find they've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick — th' escape from  
 Aunt's thrall — [all.  
 Western road — lyric fragments — curl-papers and  
 My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine  
 (As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and  
 mine), [Nine;  
 Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the

the county of *Armagh*! — a most remarkable coincidence — and  
 well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apoca-  
 type.

Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.  
 With a vow never more against prose to transgress.  
 This she did, like a heroine ; — smack went to bits  
 The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits —  
 Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets —  
 Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,  
 Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise  
 And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in the skies !  
 While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in *my* pay),  
 Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dar'd to dispose,  
 How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its  
*prose*;  
 With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows !  
 But — I'm call'd off abruptly — *another* Express !  
 What the deuce can it mean ? — I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P. S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs !  
 I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.  
 There — read the good news — and while glad, for  
*my* sake,  
 That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining  
 wake,  
 Admire also the *moral* — that he, the sly elf,  
 Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd  
*himself* !



## EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,  
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night ;  
And much to mine and friends' surprise,  
By will doth all his wealth devise —  
Lands, dwellings — rectories likewise —  
To his "belov'd grand-niece," Miss Fanny,  
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many  
Long years hath waited — not a penny !  
Have notified the same to latter,  
And wait instructions in the matter.  
For self and partners, etc. etc.

END OF VOL. III.





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